

THE NATION

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LETTERS

like us

Perth Amboy, N.J.

DEAR SIR: No negotiations with the Vietcong is the condition in Johnson's peace offers. He wants to negotiate from the North permission to eliminate the Vietcong separately in return for ending the bombing.

He may obliterate Hanoi, but Vietnamese are like Americans. They will die rather than sell out their fellow countrymen in the South to the foreigner who seeks to bomb them into this betrayal. . . . *David Mandel*

the bedfellows

New York City

DEAR SIR: I wouldn't dream of attempting, in a mere letter, to correct all of the misrepresentations in Francis Pollock's article ["Junkets to Apartheid: America's Press on Safari," *The Nation*, Nov. 7]. I note, however, that according to him "some of [the] enemies" of the American-African Affairs Association "find suspicious" the fact that it and a Rhodesian organization once used the same postage meter.

At the risk of spoiling everybody's fun, I must advise you that the innocent explanation of this sinister coincidence may be found on page 496 of the public record of the hearings on South Africa conducted this last spring by the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Africa. . . . *William A. Rusher*

Mr. Rusher refers to a letter he had written to the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Africa. In it, he explained that the American-African Affairs Association, of which he is co-chairman, had employed a public relations firm which had also done work for the Rhodesian Government. The postage meter belonged to that firm.

From another source we learn that the agency in question is that of Marvin Liebman, whose antics were described in a recent editorial, "Liebman on the Burning Deck," *The Nation*, Jan. 2.—*Editors.*

ideas at New Town

New York City

DEAR SIR: Herbert Gans has written me to challenge the following statement made in my article on Columbia, Md. [*The Nation*, Dec. 26]: ". . . in meeting with his academic advisers it was generally Rouse who advanced brilliant and adventurous ideas while his consultants were more cautious."

Mr. Gans states: "Having been one of the academic advisers, I'd say it wasn't so. The ideas, brilliant and mediocre, adventurous and cautious, were well distributed between Rouse and staff and the advisers. More important, the advisers were just that: they did not plan the town. The neighborhood and village concepts are Jim Rouse's, and they are essentially conservative, anti-urban concepts which reflect both his values and his judgment of the market." *Ervin Galantay*

false prophets

Mesquite, Tex.

DEAR SIR: Our leading Elmer Gantry, Billy Graham, has given his Christian blessing to genocide, and his Catholic counterpart, Cardinal Spellman, has gone him one better and advocated all-out U.S. victory, which probably means the destruction of the Vietnamese nation—North and South—along with the majority of its people. . . . No one—especially anyone who wrote the Bible—ever predicted that there would be many Christians, but they did say that there would be many false prophets. *Mrs. Lee Dresh*

EDITORIALS

When Will China Intervene?

American policy in Vietnam is based on the assumption that Communist China will not allow itself to become militarily involved unless the United States sends troops or shells across its borders. The reasoning runs that the crushing superiority of U.S. air power, and the near certainty that in the event of war the Chinese atomic plants would be bombed out of existence, insure that the Chinese will submit to any provocation, any loss of prestige, short of direct attack. Since our military planners have no intention of opening fire on China, they feel confident that China will confine itself to supplying North Vietnam—fighting, as the saying goes, to the last Vietnamese.

An article by Robert Guillain, "Are China and the United States Heading Toward War?" in *Le Monde*, shows how dangerously sanguine the American policy is. True, China's military posture is defensive. It has tolerated a good deal in the way of overflights and hostile acts, mainly by the Nationalist Chinese, and will no doubt continue to limit itself to verbal protests in response to aggression at this level. But if American blows threaten the collapse of the North Vietnamese regime, the Chinese will react forcibly. They may do so reluctantly, but neither national interest nor the dynamics of communism leaves them much choice. If the impending collapse of the South Vietnamese regime were to impel the Administration to throw 500,000 troops and a major part of the U.S. Navy against the Vietcong and North Vietnam, what makes the strategists in the Pentagon imagine that the Chinese, with Vietnam on their borders, would watch their ally go down? It is an incredible hypothesis, and no doubt McGeorge Bundy, in his warning that the defeat of North Vietnam would be a disaster for us, had exactly that danger in mind.

To ignore the danger of Chinese intervention is to ignore the whole trend of Chinese foreign policy and the geographical situation which is one of the determinants of that policy. Guillain calls Vietnam "the southern outpost protecting communism." He contends that Peking cannot allow Vietnam to become an American outpost, or to be controlled by a hostile regime, or even a neutral one. Another Taiwan, this one on the mainland, cannot be tolerated. North Vietnam certainly, and all of Vietnam preferably, must be Communist and pro-Chinese.

Reinforcing these considerations are the internal stresses of the Chinese state, not only those manifested by the "cultural revolution" but potential disaffection in south China. It must not be forgotten that China has only recently been unified, under Communist auspices. Before and during World War II, it was the stamping ground of regional warlords, of whom Chiang Kai-shek was merely the most powerful. If North Vietnam fell, serious political ferment could be set off in the Chinese south, and against that possibility Peking will take all necessary steps and brave any risk.

While our Vietnamese adventure was still in an early stage, Chen Yi, the Chinese minister of foreign affairs, issued a direct warning to the United States. "As far as you go in the extension of the war," he said, "and as high

as the price must be, we will support without failure and up to the hilt the struggle of our brothers in Vietnam." If we continue to pursue the strategy of bombing the North Vietnamese to the conference table, we may have cause to remember these words.

Death of Learning

The multiracial University College of Rhodesia may well become the next casualty of Ian Smith's prolonged rebellion. Two British universities are thought to be reconsidering their special relationships with the college. If they decide to sever them, British and American sources of funds supporting the Rhodesian university are likely to dry up. And it cannot hope to continue without them.

"We have not yet reached an official decision," a spokesman for the University of London has said. "And of course we cannot speak for the University of Birmingham in any way."

It is believed, however, that both universities are reluctant to continue recognizing the examination standards of University College because of the grave shortage of staff at the Salisbury university and its inevitable consequence in a decline of academic achievements.

The staff shortage, in turn, is the result of last summer's arrest and deportation of nine lecturers by the illegal Rhodesian regime. A mass resignation by lecturers followed. It is understood that out of a faculty of 140 about sixty have either quit the university during the last few months or have handed in their letters of resignation. Senior officials have been visiting Britain and the United States in an attempt to make up for the lost staff.

The authoritative *Times Educational Supplement* (London) has commented editorially:

"Hopes that the University College will survive in the long term are undermined by doubts whether the ruling Rhodesia Front party believe in higher education at all.

"Why should they? They are trying to put about, for example, that anyone who is not for the regime must be a Communist and that, on specially summoned 'scientific' evidence, Africans are less than human. Clearly, for such notions to become accepted currency, sources of ideas must either be suppressed or discredited. . . ."

Some academics in Britain believe that University College ought to be supported as long as it retains its quality of multiracialism.

Sir Robert Aitken, Vice Chancellor of Birmingham University, points out: "We have taken the view that the multiracial university education which we sponsor is immensely important to the future of Rhodesia. Eventually, there will be some solution to the present political impasse. If that solution is on South African lines, we presume the college will cease to be multiracial, and in that event one of the conditions of our sponsorship will be lacking.

"But if the political solution takes any other shape, there is likely to be scope for a multiracial university. It is therefore important to keep the existing one in being, for if it goes out of action now it will take many years to restart it and to rebuild its staff."

However, the shortage of staff at University College has

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rendered the controversy almost irrelevant. The university is thus fighting for its life, and the odds are heavily against it. If the teaching standards sink below a minimum level, no other university—regardless of its location or political principles—will be able to afford the luxury of supporting it by recognizing its degrees.

CB—Entering Wedge

Two Harvard professors, Matthew S. Meselson in biology and John T. Edsall in biological chemistry, have collected the signatures of more than 5,000 U.S. scientists in support of a letter to President Johnson, asking him to stop using chemical-biological weapons in Vietnam and "to categorically declare the intention of the U.S. to refrain from initiating" such use in the future. With the 5,000 signatures, the petition will be forwarded to the President during January. Signed by only twenty plant physiologists, the same document was submitted to the President last fall and drew a brief reply from an assistant secretary of the State Department. "Civilians or non-combatants are warned of such action (destruction of food crops) in advance," this functionary wrote soothingly. "They are asked to leave the area and are provided food and good treatment by the Government of Vietnam in resettlement areas." That the military governors of South Vietnam are solicitous of civilians will be news to the U.S. correspondents in the country, but the letter is of a piece with the Administration's policy of escalation, concealment and misrepresentation. It is doubtful that the increased pressure of 5,000 signatures will have any effect, and even the resolution of the council of the 105,000-member Association for the Advancement of Science, expressing concern over the long-range consequences of CB warfare, may be brushed aside.

The use of chemical herbicides for destruction of food crops and defoliation is one of the milder forms of CB warfare, but it does fall into that category, and if more drastic forms come into use it will be due, Professor Meselson believes, primarily to American initiative. Meselson's views are presented in an article by Joel R. Kramer in the December 21, 1966, *Harvard Crimson*. CB weapons, he adds, are militarily inconvenient and socially disastrous. The drawbacks are that the effects of spreading disease agents are much less calculable than the range and destructive power of nuclear weapons, and that CB is primarily a weapon against civilian populations. Yet these and other defects are no guarantee against the spread of this type of warfare.

In the nature of war and the men who conduct it, any new type of weapon is almost certain to be tested operationally at least once. Poison gas was used extensively in World War I and would have been used in World War II if one of the belligerents had concluded that advantages outweighed disadvantages in its particular situation. Every major military power is fully prepared to use gas defensively and offensively in a future war, and the gases now available are far more deadly than any previously known. Here, again, the use of tear gas by our forces in Vietnam may be the entering wedge for lethal applications, whether by the United States or other powers.

A frequent selling point for CB is that, like tear gas, it

incorporates a variety of "humane" forms which incapacitate without killing. But if CB is introduced in this guise, Meselson fears a gradual movement in the direction of kill. Also important is a menace peculiar to CB—the danger of private or semi-private use. Once cheap, easily manufactured CB weapons become understood, an insane man could wipe out New York City. A group of desperate plotters, driven by hatred and impotence, might resort to spreading the germs of infectious, incurable disease. The prospect is ominous enough to reinforce the objections of the scientists, but our frustrations in Vietnam have made it all too easy to brush off such remonstrances.

The Property Tax Scandal

The West Coast has been booming since World War II. Millions of people have poured into the area, and hundreds of thousands of dwellings were built to house them. Real estate values zoomed—naturally. The values go up first, then the schools must be built, then the bad news comes from the tax collector. That lag is important. For a time, the property owners are not too much concerned about what the boom may cost. The rising young executive who trades in his modest \$20,000 house and finds that he has lived in it for nothing for five years is not concerned about the taxes on his next house, which is financed with a \$30,000 mortgage. But unless he is rising very fast, a future tax bill may give him pause. Such escalations were a significant factor in Governor Brown's defeat in California, where people get their real property tax statements just a few weeks before election.

Another aspect of the realty boom involves corruption. Tax assessment scandals have resulted in conviction of assessors in San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle and San Diego. Early in December, Los Angeles joined the procession, at least to the extent of an indictment. Philip E. Watson, who had been overwhelmingly re-elected to a second four-year term as tax assessor of Los Angeles County, was indicted on charges of receiving bribes. Allegedly he received \$15,000 from the J. J. Newberry Co. not long after that company was the beneficiary of a tax ruling that saved it about \$400,000.

Many California taxpayers are now convinced that they have been paying too much because others have been paying too little. This is a common situation in almost any neighborhood, but in California the accusation is leveled not only against neighbors: taxpayer suits have been brought against great corporations like American Can, Corn Products, U.S. Plywood and Crucible Steel, in an effort to collect back taxes allegedly owed the city of San Francisco. State officials estimate that at least \$200 million in potential tax revenues have been lost through underassessments, some of them obtained by bribery. In Los Angeles, General Foods, Eastman Kodak and Charles Pfizer are among thirty-nine corporations that have allegedly benefited from sharp reductions in the assessed value of their properties.

After viewing the West Coast spectacle, *The Christian Science Monitor* looked closer to home and concluded that the scandal was nation-wide, with only occasional areas in which property was assessed without fear or favor, by

objective standards. In some cases the assessors are not corrupt, but favor old-timers against newcomers. This is easily done, since the tax is the assessed valuation multiplied by the tax rate, and the assessed valuation often has little to do with actual value. The assessment of the long-time resident (or his children) remains constant, regardless of the rising real estate market. The newcomer's assessment is jacked up. If he protests loudly enough, an adjustment may be made. If he pays, it is assumed that he is able to afford the tax and therefore should pay.

The big boys in the big cities get their benefits more subtly. They engage so-called tax consultants, who know how to fix the assessors. The range of misassessment in San Francisco was well-nigh incredible. Nearly 90 per cent of the property was under- or over-assessed.

The basis for this nation-wide assessment disgrace is an absence of standards and professional *esprit* among assessors, the low salaries in many cases, and the domination of local taxation by politics. The federal government has power to raise money on a larger scale than the state and local governments. Congress will be considering a variety of tax-sharing plans and proposals in the session now under way. (See article by R. A. Musgrave, this issue, p. 78.)

Before local governments come, hat in hand, to receive their share of revenue from the federal treasury, they should first put their own tax affairs in order. And high on the agenda should be a thorough examination of the ways in which property taxes are assessed and collected.

The Cardinal's Mistake

"This war," Cardinal Spellman said on his Christmas visit to the troops in Vietnam, "is, I believe, a war for civilization." With civilization, including religion, thus at stake, the conclusion of the Cardinal's address was predictable. He called for "the victory for which all of us in Vietnam and all over the world are praying and hoping; *for less than victory is inconceivable.*" (Italics added.)

Cardinal Spellman has been saying this to the troops for sixteen consecutive years, and before that he was saying

it to the laity. The Cardinal is not a simple man; he is quite the equal in managerial ability of any corporate administrator, and numbers many big industrialists among his friends—Jews and Protestants as well as Catholics. In his evaluation of our wars, however, his views have had the virtue, and the defects, of extreme simplicity; and heretofore the great majority of the faithful, as well as his colleagues in the Church, have voiced no dissent.

But the reaction this time was different. The Vietnamese War is not like World War I or World War II or even the Korean War. Pope Paul recognized this from the start, and has striven for peace at almost any cost. Victory for either side has been the last outcome he desired; in this respect his views have coincided with those of U Thant. When *Izvestia* argued that such militancy as Cardinal Spellman expressed was "in sharp dissonance with recent statements of Pope Paul, who appealed for an end to the bloody killing," it was only stating a fact, which the perplexity and irritation of the Vatican confirmed.

The difficulty is that Cardinal Spellman (unlike Cardinal Cushing, for example) does not realize that in respect to war, views have changed and will continue to change. Time was when, as a matter of course, the Catholic bishops in warring countries automatically took the side of their own countries, inveighing against the enemy with fury even exceeding that of the statesmen.

It is hard for an old man, Cardinal or any other, to change his views; it is hard even for a young man. Nor is Cardinal Spellman alone in his inflexibility. On the contrary, as a pillar of the Establishment he has most of the other pillars with him. The same mistake is being made in varying degrees by the military, by the Congress and by the President. Yet, strive as they may, war will no longer fire the popular idealism; as John Cogley points out in *The New York Times*, Cardinal Spellman's addiction to "my country right or wrong" sounds morally irresponsible to ears attuned to contemporary religious thought. One has only to read the remonstrance addressed to the President by 100 student leaders to sense the moral dissonance between their views and those of Cardinal Spellman.

SCHOOLS IN THE SOUTH

GUIDELINES TO FRUSTRATION

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D. C.

The furor over the school guidelines, which undoubtedly will be renewed and brought to new peaks of bitterness in the next Congress, shows that if a government buries itself in a make-believe situation too long it may begin to accept its own fantasies as real.

It is happening today. Apparently many government officials of good will actually believe that the school desegregation guidelines are aimed at doing away with the old "separate but equal" doctrine of the South. Most newspapers seem to suffer from the same delusion. Of

organizations watching Dixie affairs, the Southern Regional Council is, as far as I can discover, the only one that has cut through the rhetorical fluff and described the situation as it is: "By building gradualism into its guidelines by the use of minimum percentages, the U.S. Office of Education perhaps unwittingly allowed attention to shift from the illegitimacy of dual schools and the need to end them. Instead, Southern officials haggle over whether '10 per cent is too much,' while continuing segregated patterns. . . . The guidelines still presuppose a dual system of schools, drawn as they are from the prevailing notion of *allowing Negro children to attend white schools.*"

At his December 31 news conference, Secretary of

Health, Education and Welfare John Gardner, proudly announcing the 1967-68 guidelines (basically the same as for last year), said nothing about doing away with the black school-white school operation in the South; he talked merely of juggling enrollments within the dual system. That's the reality: the guidelines *perpetuate* segregation and will for the foreseeable future. It is a reform comparable to leading a bank robber away from a life of crime by inducing him to steal a little less each year.

After meeting with eight other governors and the President in late December, Gov. Mills E. Godwin, Jr., of Virginia, reported that Johnson told of a survey of governors which indicated the guidelines are acceptable everywhere in the nation except in the South. Is even the President confused? While the Civil Rights Act of 1964 applies to the whole nation, of course, the guidelines have *never* applied to any section but the South and border states. The guidelines were set up for states that have dual school systems, and the South is the only place that has dual school systems. Why would anybody, much less the President, bother to survey governors elsewhere about their acceptance of the guidelines, which have *nothing* to do with busing school children, *nothing* to do with aiding the racial balance in schools, and in short *nothing* to do with the needs of the North, East, Midwest or West?

The Civil Rights Act decreed that there could be no discrimination "under any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance." Theoretically, about 1,900 of the South's 2,200 school districts could right then have been deprived of federal funds. But Congress and the U.S. Office of Education—having learned nothing from the many occasions when the South, if allowed *any* leeway, would not budge—got snookered into gradualism, in violation of the law just passed.

Southern school superintendents said they were helpless to change from a dual school system overnight, and they pretended to be too bewildered even to work out a program of gradualism. So would the USOE help them by ordering a procedure? Why, of course.

Thus the guidelines were born at the South's request. Strategically, it was a brilliant move. Now, in place of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, there was a surrogate demon—the guidelines—to curse, to accuse of "going too far," to damn as "illegal" and "unconstitutional"—terms commonly heard in the South and in Congress, but which would have sounded rather silly if applied to the Civil Rights Act itself.

In wording the first guidelines (handed down in April, 1965) to accommodate a South allegedly moving off dead center, the USOE made one critical mistake. Its provisions allowed three types of compliance: a school district would be counted in the clear if it was already operating under a federal court order to integrate; or it could submit proof that it had abandoned the dual school system; or it could submit a plan for desegregation. One acceptable method of voluntary compliance was to offer students "freedom of choice." That was the mistake, and 75 per cent of the South's school districts were quick to take advantage of it. It put the burden of integrating on the Negro students and their parents. The dual school system would remain as it had always been—unless Negroes individually, against

tremendous community pressures, petitioned to be let into the white schools. And since this would be viewed as "troublemaking" in the Deep South, most Negroes were afraid to use it.

As for faculty desegregation, the original guidelines called for none at all the first year, but did suggest that the black and white faculties meet together once in a while to get used to each other's color. The original guidelines were, in short, a farce: a blank map to nowhere.

That was the situation inherited by Secretary Gardner, and also inherited by Harold Howe II, who came in as Commissioner of Education six months later.

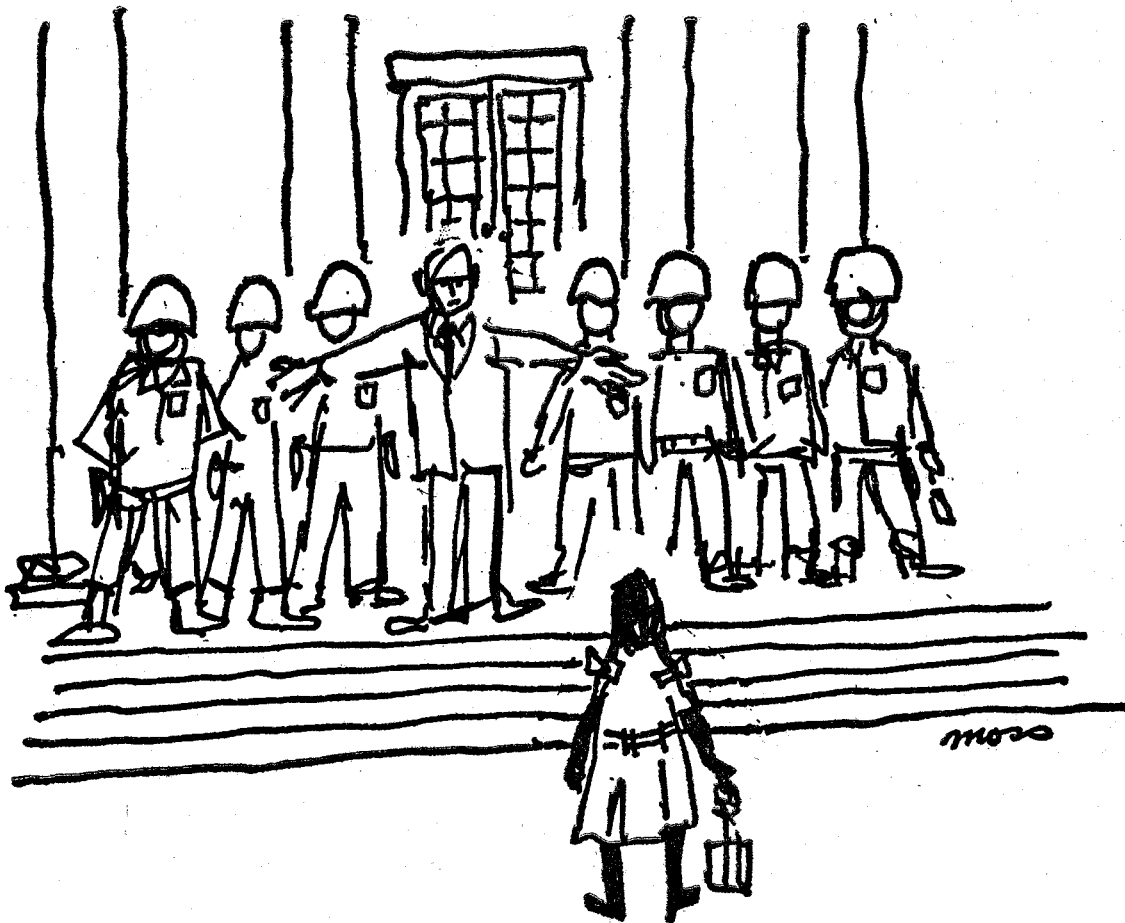
"We were plunged into a situation where we had no experience," Gardner recalled recently. "My predecessors vastly underestimated what it took to cope with 2,000 districts. They provided a set of guidelines that did *not* prove to be strong. So when I came in, we reorganized."

Gardner insists that subsequent events, if no reason for cheers, at least do not deserve the criticism they have been receiving. He gets a bit hot when it is suggested that the federal government has done little to require integration since the Brown decision of 1954. "It isn't a matter of having done so little in twelve years," he says. "It is a matter of having done *nothing* for ten years. We have made progress in the last two years. In the first year of the weak guidelines, Negro enrollment in integrated schools tripled. This is the first year we have tried the stiffer guidelines, and we'll double the 1965 integrated enrollment."

In all the South in 1963 only 1.8 per cent of the Negro pupils went to integrated schools. With the leverage of the Civil Rights Act, this was pushed up to 5.8 per cent in 1965. The USOE claims that in 1966 integration has gone to 12 per cent. But in a sense these are padded figures. Take out the relatively moderate states like Tennessee and Texas and the percentage for the Deep South plummets back to where it has always been.

The reason is simply that the revamped guidelines, issued in March, 1966, have been a washout as an enforcement device. They still accommodate a sluggish South and are really no more than an extension of the original guidelines, spruced up with more vigorous phraseology, calling for vague things like "substantial progress." Included as part of the new stipulations are percentage illustrations of what the USOE means by substantial. These figures were immediately attacked by Southern Congressmen, newspapers and school superintendents as a move to "balance" the races in the classroom—a rather extravagant interpretation inasmuch as the guidelines suggested that systems which ended the 1965 school year with 8 or 9 per cent integration should try to double that this year, systems with 4 or 5 per cent integration should try to triple it, and those with less than 4 per cent integration (which means Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Arkansas) should at least try to get a dash of coloration into each white school this year.

The new guidelines also call for "some" faculty integration. One teacher per school? That might do for a start. In short, the guidelines are loose, ambiguous and often confusing even to Office of Education officials, largely because they have scrambled toleration with toughness and nobody, not even Commissioner Howe, is quite



sure if the mixture has a chance of working. Southern superintendents aren't sure either, although they are beginning to have some happy suspicions. Recently the *Birmingham News* quoted an Alabama superintendent as saying that he had submitted a compliance plan because he thought the Office of Education had the power and the will to enforce the law. "If it turns out they don't," he said laughing, "we can always renege."

There are three major obstacles to overcoming the inertia of the school integration program:

First, President Johnson is, to say the least, lukewarm. When Commissioner Howe's predecessor held up \$30 million in aid to Chicago schools because he didn't think they were complying with the Civil Rights Act, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley leaned on Johnson, and Johnson told Keppel—according to the story that has permanent circulation in the Office of Education—"if you don't run that office like I want you to run it," he might have to do something unpleasant.

Howe has had a better chance to get tough, but right now only thirty-one districts in the South are cut off from federal funds. A well-entrenched Congressman whose information is customarily accurate told *The Nation* last September that when the Southern Congressmen began their heaviest assault on Howe, he was summoned to the White House and advised to stop popping off so much about integrating the schools. Howe concedes that he was facing "the reality that I might become a political burden,"

but he denies that there were any signs from the White House that it in fact looked upon him as a burden. Secretary Gardner flatly stated at the close of the year, "certainly Harold isn't going to be fired. He is getting solid support from the White House. There was a wave, a kind of outburst of opposition, vocal opposition to the guidelines—but it is very important to make clear that this has not altered in any way our basic position. We still have the same obligations."

Nevertheless, the Office of Education has never offered a convincing explanation of why 52,000 booklets, containing four of Howe's firmest integration speeches and prepared for distribution in September and October, are still sitting in a Washington warehouse.

Also, on October 7, in response to a reporter's question about how hard the government should push the integration program, Johnson said he wanted the law "fully enforced at all times." Then he added, "I realize that in some instances there has been some harassment, some mistakes perhaps have been made, some people have been enthusiastic, and differences have developed." After which he said again it was his policy to carry out the law.

Was he supporting Howe or apologizing for Howe's actions? Howe and Gardner said Johnson was supporting them, but many Southerners said they had squeezed an apology from the President. Some Northerners thought so too. Tom Littlewood of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wrote: "Coming on top of his other woes, Education Commissioner Howe must have been dismayed at hearing the

President concede in his press conference that some federal harassment had occurred during Southern desegregation efforts."

The second obstacle to integration, perhaps following from the first, is the fact that the Justice Department lacks zeal in these matters. Although there have been flamboyant violations of the Civil Rights Act throughout the school systems of the South, the Justice Department has filed or joined only ninety-three lawsuits to desegregate since the act was passed. There are 100 attorneys in its civil rights division, and of these, fifty or sixty are assigned primarily to cases in the South. That's fifty or sixty attorneys for *all* kinds of litigation—voting disputes, school disputes, job disputes, threats and intimidations that could jeopardize civil rights of various kinds—which is far too small a staff to do the job.

No school board in the South has yet been cited for contempt. Since 1965, Gov. George Wallace and the Alabama Board of Education have been under federal injunction not to interfere with the integration of schools in that state, yet Wallace induced the Alabama legislature to pass a law forbidding obedience to the guidelines, and threw his own considerable political weight against local superintendents who wanted to comply. State Superintendent of Education Austin R. Meadows has sent out letters advising local school officials that it is right and proper to continue segregating pupils because "it has been practiced down through the ages for good results. Redbirds mate with redbirds, bluebirds mate with bluebirds." Since the guidelines are nothing other than a Congressionally authorized extension of the Civil Rights Act which Wallace and Meadows are enjoined against opposing, one might think those two Dixie stalwarts to be ripe for a contempt citation. The NAACP has asked that they be cited, but the Justice Department has been noticeably cool to the idea.

The third obstacle is delay. The Justice Department customarily waits until the Office of Education gets through trying to coax, wheedle and beg the districts into compliance before it makes its own pitch. And the USOE's efforts to be reasonable with an unreasonable district can be a miserably time-consuming operation.

For example, Indianola—the seat of Eastland's Sunflower County—was obviously not going to cooperate, but the USOE spent an entire year horsing around with it. In May, 1965, the Indianola school system voluntarily filed a plan for desegregation, combining freedom of choice for children coming in from the country and a geographical scheme for distributing those who lived in the city. The geographical scheme was an obvious fraud (and of course to talk about freedom of choice in Mississippi is bitter comedy). As the lines were drawn, only two Negro children would have been going to the previously all-white school, and only four white youngsters to the previously all-Negro school (and the families of these four pupils quickly changed residence to the right side of the line).

So the plan was turned down, and the talk began. USOE representatives met with the Indianola superintendent in June, 1965. They got together again in September. In October, a USOE emissary flew down from Washington to dicker. In December, the USOE came up with another suggested plan that would ease Indianola into the money. All of this went for nothing. Four times the school

system submitted a plan—and every time it was essentially the same old unyielding scheme.

On June 23, 1966—a little more than a year after the useless persuasion began—Howe signed an order cutting off Indianola from federal funds. Its effectiveness was short. Two months later, on August 26, a federal court ordered Indianola to integrate, thus removing the school system from the supervision of the USOE and making it eligible for its federal funds anyway.

Southern courts, in this way, worked at odds with the USOE for two years. Schools operating under court orders had it comparatively easy, for a court's order seldom spelled out how or how much to integrate. Many school districts, especially the tougher ones, *preferred* court orders.

In an effort to get rid of this tempting court alternative, the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals was asked in April, 1966, to upgrade all court orders within its jurisdiction (Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi) to the strictness of the USOE's guidelines. Howe expected the court to hand down its ruling before school opened in September. Instead, the appeals court was silent for eight months—while officials of the USOE, especially Howe, were catching unshirted hell from the segregationists in Congress who claimed the guidelines were illegal.

At last, on December 29, a strong ruling came down. It not only supports the guidelines but adopts them for all court orders past and future, and states that the appeals bench expects all grades to be fully integrated by next fall. This will considerably strengthen Howe's hand and will, as *The New York Times* editorialized, "help dispel the smoke-screen which the Southern segregationists who so vehemently attacked Mr. Howe have been employing in the effort to hide their true objective. . . ."

But it would be dangerous to put too much hope in the court's action. This isn't the first time the courts have upheld the constitutionality of the guidelines, nor is it the first time the courts have used the USOE desegregation formula as their own. If one can predict from the past, this court action will fall far, far short of effecting full desegregation by next year. (Three days after the ruling, Secretary Gardner talked only of "doubling" integration next year.) The die-hards can be heard throwing up new ramparts. Governor McKeithen of Louisiana said he expects the decision to be taken to the U.S. Supreme Court. Florida Superintendent of Schools Floyd Christian said "it would be as easy to fly to the moon as to desegregate by next fall." Others elsewhere have also begun the resistance of "helplessness."

Nor has the USOE yet figured out a way to deal with schools which integrate *numerically* to some extent but make brutal war upon the spirit of the Negroes they admit. What kind of legality can the USOE stamp upon the integration that permits the white students to beat the Negro "intruders" daily without interference from the white faculty? It's happening all over the South. What kind of integration is it that permits white teachers systematically and as a matter of policy to fail all the Negro students in school? The USOE knows where this strategy is being applied. As for the integration of faculties, that poses its own problems. Of Mississippi's 21,810 teachers, twenty-three are Negroes working in predominantly white schools. It used to be

twenty-four, but last month Klan activities in Perry County became so boisterous that one Negro teacher—quite talented, too, her white principal admitted—decided she would go back to the old black payroll for safety. How does the USOE cope with that kind of intimidation?

In its December report, "School Desegregation 1966: The Slow Undoing," the Southern Regional Council vividly describes the nature of this harassment:

In one rural Alabama county, Negro children, beaten by whites on the first day of school, refused to get off a school bus until school authorities granted them protection. Denied this protection, they remained on the bus and were suspended for staging a sit-in demonstration. A rural county system suspends for three days any student involved in a fight, regardless of who starts the fight. Four suspensions constitute expulsion and the student may not return to any school for one year. A certain faction of the student body agrees to take three-day suspensions in rotation: Four students start four fights with one Negro student. Each will be suspended for three days. The Negro gets four suspensions and is expelled, whether or not he defends himself. The Negro students, none of whom have ever been involved in a fight in ten school years, realizing what was happening after receiving three suspensions would sign a "lost and gain slip." The "lost" status withdraws the student permanently from the school but allows him to attend a Negro school with permission of the school board. To date that permission has not been granted. The persistence of the various forms of terror against school desegregation raises in stark form the question of the adequacy of the entire guidelines approach.

These are matters for the Justice Department to correct with relentless prosecution; for Congress to attack with new safeguards and penalties; and for a Chief Executive to eradicate at whatever political price—but Justice, Congress and Johnson seem to have no stomach for the fight.

That throws the problem squarely back in the lap of USOE Commissioner Harold Howe. It is an almost pitiful situation. Howe has only forty-one field workers to "police" 2,000 school districts. For sanctions, he can cut off only special funds which, ordinarily, would be spent for the teaching of underprivileged pupils, and that is not exactly the kind of revenge Howe likes to effect.

Nevertheless, things could be worse. At least the USOE is headed by a man of courage. When he first became commissioner, Howe was pretty green about Dixie warfare. I sat in on one session he had with Southern superintendents early in 1966 and it was appalling. In effect he told them: "Now, we don't want to be pushy about this, and I know you chaps will do the decent thing, so let's all just pitch in and work it out together." The superintendents came into the session glum and defensive; they left the room happy and skipping. This guy Howe was a pigeon!

Old hands in the USOE noticed the same characteristic in other matters. Howe came to the office from a background mostly of private schools and posh experimental schools. He hadn't had much to do with the seamy side of life. One USOE official commented: "He makes too much over the idea of service. He doesn't know what the world is all about. He thinks all teachers are high-class people because most of the teachers he has worked with personally were high class. Scarsdale and Phillips Academy! He doesn't realize that most teachers, like most of every-

body, are clods, and there's no use expecting them to get worked up over the service idea."

Howe comes by his idealism naturally. It is a family tradition. His maternal grandmother, a New Hampshire schoolmarm, went South to educate the Negroes and wound up marrying a General Armstrong of the Union Army. Together they helped found Hampton Institute, one of the first Negro schools of quality in the South. His father, Arthur Howe, an all-American quarterback at Yale, after studying at Union Theological Seminary and teaching at Dartmouth, became president of Hampton Institute; and there Harold Howe spent his teen years.

Howe deliberately chose to be an educational burr: "The



people must and should control education just as they control other facets of our national life. But when that control is exercised in a way to provide less than excellence or to restrict excellence to the privileged, *those who exercise it should be made uncomfortable.*"

He made many educators uncomfortable and many Congressmen downright fidgety when, in a speech to the School Administrators' Conference in New York on June 18, after announcing his puzzlement "over which is worse, honest bigotry, or well-intentioned timidity," he came right out and said it: "gradualism has failed." It was time, he said, "for school officials to form a third front for racial equality" even if it means getting fired. "Unless all of us are willing to put our jobs and our integrity on the line, we should admit that American educators are no longer prepared to be prime movers in American education."

Judging from the Congressional blast that followed, Howe was the first to take the risk. From Secretary Gardner he has had loyalty. After one of Howe's usual controversial speeches, Presidential aide Douglass Cater asked if it had been cleared with the White House. "He didn't have to clear it with the White House," Gardner answered with what for Washington was an unusual show of independence. "He cleared it with me."

Howe is not awed by Johnson either. He blue-penciled from one of his staff-written speeches a reference to Johnson's teaching career with the remark: "Well, now, I've

heard about that episode once too often, and besides, I'm not wearing my uniform tonight."

So if the guidelines are almost worthless—as Howe privately admits them to be—at least they are in the hands of a man with perspective. Some of the top officials around USOE feel he could be a *great* commissioner, if he were freed from the role of policing civil rights and allowed to concentrate on ways to bring U.S. education into the 20th century. Whether or not he will last long enough to try out his ideas is questionable. The Administration, faced with

a less Democratic Congress and, as always, confronted with key committees chaired by Southerners, may have to do some dirty horse trading. Howe, who has come to personify the guidelines in the minds of most Southerners, may be auctioned off for Johnson-favored legislation, just as Adam Yarmolinsky was sold out to ease the way for the anti-poverty program. That would be too bad, but inasmuch as there are already several hundred thousand victims of the guidelines fiasco, at least he would have company.

VIETNAM

THE IMPORTANCE OF JANUARY

PETER DALE SCOTT

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Every New Year since the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963 has brought a period of particular uncertainty with regard to the future prosecution of the war in Vietnam. In January, 1964, the NLF were calling openly for negotiations with the Saigon junta, and in January, 1965, Hanoi was waiting for secret talks with U.S. representatives in Rangoon. Both months saw a marked resurgence of neutralist demonstrations in Saigon, and also the emergence of new and untried military juntas which were suspected by American reporters of an interest in negotiations. Both of these critical periods were closed off by right-wing coups that were increasingly controlled by officers of North Vietnamese origin, like Premier Ky; and both times the United States was accused of complicity in these coups. The role of the United States in snuffing out the chance of peace was much clearer in 1965: after calling off the Rangoon talks, the Americans suddenly bombed Hanoi, just when Kosygin's arrival there had aroused press speculations of an impending offer of negotiations. The best explanation for this bombing may well prove to be the one given at the time by Sen. Everett Dirksen, who suggested that the determining question was to avoid giving "the impression we might pull out."

By January, 1966, the war was clearly an American affair, and the focus of significant opposition to its continuation had passed from Saigon to Washington itself. Intense pressure from most other governments, including Britain, France and Japan, had persuaded the United States to accept a temporary pause in the bombing of North Vietnam; and on January 20, Secretary General U Thant had publicly suggested that the United States could now obtain its professed goal of negotiations by assuring the NLF of a role in any postwar government. But recognition of the NLF, even as "full partners" in a conference, was almost immediately rejected by Secretary Dean Rusk as tantamount to a defeat.

Washington's refusal to recognize the *de facto* rulers of most of South Vietnam might seem hopelessly incompatible with its stated desire for peace and a political settlement. Apparently Washington was refusing to recognize the NLF until it was sure that a U.S. withdrawal would "leave behind a sovereign and independent South Vietnam with a government chosen by 'free elections'" (*The New York Times*, January 1, 1966). (If that is so, events in Saigon since January, 1966, have changed the *status quo* a little, but not very much: there is still no independent regime that could compete politically with the NLF.) In any case, the United States chose the last week of the bombing pause to mount the largest military offensive of the war, and was ultimately successful in regaining contact with North Vietnamese regular forces for the first time in two months. Almost as soon as this contact was made, and despite the express opposition of many U.S. Senators and citizens, the United States resumed its bombing of North Vietnam.

A study of these critical periods, and others like them, suggests that (had it not been for stubborn resistance in Washington) the war might have ended by itself at almost any point in the last three years. "Support for neutralism," which Premier Ky in July, 1965, made punishable by death, remains endemic in Saigon; those who wish the war to continue are increasingly opposed in the civilian bureaucracy and even within the military. There have been repeated domestic, third-party initiatives for peace; and increasingly the developments which have frustrated these moves have been U.S. military escalations of the war. Even in January, 1964, there was an escalation—allegedly the "greatest heliborne assault" to that date; but it was repulsed ignominiously. This pattern is explored in *The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam*,* in which my co-authors and I suggest that most of the major escalations by the United States have followed significant moves toward peace, and have closed off the chances for a serious political settlement.

I write this article on Christmas Eve, at the threshold of the Christmas and New Year's truces. It would seem

*Franz Schurmann, Peter Dale Scott, Reginald Zelnik: *The Politics of Escalation in Vietnam*. Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Beacon. \$3.95, Fawcett Premier Books. 60¢.

that we are also on the threshold of another critical period. U Thant and the Pope have made serious proposals for disengagement and their words have found support around the world. Here at home, they have been endorsed by, among others, the prominent Sens. Mike Mansfield and J. William Fulbright. The proposals have been reinforced by the hope that the Russians, who are showing more and more concern over China, might be able—if the bombing of North Vietnam were stopped—to reinterest Hanoi in some form of negotiations. This is the role which the Russians played in 1954, at the time of the Geneva Conference, and they were at it again in February of 1965, precisely when the United States chose dramatically to commence bombing North Vietnam. That escalation frustrated the Russian initiative, and until recently they have refused to intercede again. But observers in Great Britain have pointed out,

... after stony refusal even to discuss that conflict, the Russians now are actively talking with U.S. diplomats and hinting that the Soviets might try to influence Hanoi to negotiate if the U.S. stops bombing North Vietnam (*U.S. News & World Report*, November 7, 1966).

In this context one must understand that both the Ky regime and the American authorities in Saigon are generally afraid of any form of cease-fire or political settlement at this time, since even after a year of major U.S.

fighting, the Ky regime has still no prospects of winning by itself against the native insurgency in South Vietnam. They make no bones about this. A South Vietnamese official recently told *The New York Times*: "Frankly, we are not strong enough now to compete with the Communists on a purely political basis."

We should not forget that the Ky regime owes its existence neither to popular support, nor even to military power, but rather to an American initiative. On June 9, 1965, two days before Ky replaced Saigon's last civilian Premier, *The New York Times* reported the U.S. Embassy's concern about Premier Quat's interest in "a neutralist solution," and added that "The United States mission's efforts have now begun to shift . . . to paving the way for an orderly transfer of power to someone else." Six months later, Richard Critchfield reported (in what David Bell assured the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was "a very good series" of articles) that:

Only one of the ten generals now sharing power has any rapport with the masses. He is central Vietnam's erratic Maj. Gen. Nguyen Chanh Thi, who also is the only one of peasant origin. (*Washington Star*, January 24, 1966.)

On March 10, 1966, Ky dismissed Thi, and the ensuing months of conflict effectively destroyed any chance that a popular Buddhist movement might mediate between the alternatives of military dictatorship and a Com-



Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

munist take-over. Before the Buddhists were put down, however, they won from Ky the concession of elections for a Constituent Assembly in September. These elections took place under conditions of press censorship, with hand-picked candidates, active military participation, and a rigorous attempt to exclude all elements suspected of neutralism and, of course, Communist sympathies. Nevertheless, the Constituent Assembly became almost immediately a focus for civilian resentment against a military regime dominated by refugees from the North, and explicitly dedicated to a military conquest of the North.

The cabinet crisis of late October showed how deep-rooted was the resentment among Southern civilian elements in Saigon. In the end, Ky chose to keep General Loan, the military security chief who had stirred up the controversy, and accepted the resignations of four Southern civilian cabinet ministers. (He also reassigned Gen. Dang Van Quang, the Mekong Delta's IV Army Corps Commander who like Thi was relatively independent, enjoyed good relations with regional groupings in his area, and was opposed to direct U.S. intervention there.) Yet these superficial victories for the Northern military only increased the rebelliousness within the Constituent Assembly, which on November 30 voted to exclude all active military personnel from the future constitutional government and parties. The leader of this renewed civilian opposition was Tran Van Van, an aristocratic absentee landlord. In September, he had told Richard Critchfield that he hoped to appeal to the "middle-class wing" in the NLF, with a view to creating a truly peaceful and independent South Vietnam, linked economically with Japan. Its government would be purged of all Northern influence, whether militarist or Communist:

The Liberation Front is a front of Southerners while Hanoi runs things from behind, just as the Northerners do in Saigon. . . . With some of the Catholics, we are working to get these [middle-class] people in the NLF to come back on condition no neo-colonialist is elected as President. (Washington *Star*, September 25, 1966.)

By December, Tran Van Van had emerged as the leading Presidential candidate in opposition to General Ky. The Constituent Assembly was on the point of considering a provision to "require that the chief of state be at least 40 years old," despite the vigorous opposition of Premier Ky, who was only 36. But on December 7, Tran Van Van was assassinated. The police immediately produced an alleged assassin who obligingly implicated the Vietcong, but this version was more easily believed in America than in Saigon, or for that matter in London or Paris. The family of Tran Van Van refused to accept a government funeral and the offer of a posthumous decoration. The government in turn,

. . . suspended two of South Vietnam's three English-language newspapers—including one owned by a member of the Government—on charges of having reflected doubts about the assassination (*The New York Times*, December 15, 1966).

The assembly promptly voted to establish its own special committee of inquiry into the assassination, and rejected attempts by the junta to be represented. Members of this committee have already exchanged public charges with the Saigon police. On December 27 the other leading civilian

Assembly spokesman, Dr. Phan Quang Dan, was injured when an explosive charge blew up under his car. And Au Truong Thanh, the most popular of the outgoing civilian ministers, has also received telephone calls threatening his life.

Regardless of who in the end proves to be responsible for these outrages, it is clear that the Ky regime is at present no more capable than was any previous Saigon regime of happily accepting a cease-fire and a possible political settlement. It remains an artificial construct, supported from above, which has repeatedly purged itself of precisely those elements with a potential following among the South Vietnamese people. For such a regime peace, and above all genuine elections, would be a disaster. Nothing shows more clearly than the history of Saigon's political crises how quickly the Vietnamese War would have come to some kind of neutralist solution if this natural course of events had not been repeatedly frustrated by military coups, assassinations and, above all, escalations of the war.

Few U.S. authorities, whether doves or hawks, whether in Saigon or Washington, are satisfied with the present level of our commitment to the war. It seems destined to produce "a long draggy war," one which Sen. John Stennis and others have said may cost us \$25 billion a year for perhaps the next ten years. The U.S. military at Manila asked for at least 100,000 more troops above their projected Vietnamese level of 400,000; but President Johnson refused. At that time it was still argued that American troops should be confined to large main-force operations, primarily against the North Vietnamese, while the more difficult task of pacification on the village level should be left to the South Vietnamese army (ARVN). Since its white paper of February, 1965, Washington has worked on the theory that once infiltration of men and supplies from the North was stopped, the guerrilla structure in the villages would become an easy police problem.

But the more the United States believes itself to be successful at the level of main-force operations, the more it must recognize that the so-called pacification problem of the village guerrilla structure is making no progress whatever. For the U.S. Army to take over this sensitive political task (assuming that GIs could do it) might require double the present troop levels. Yet the South Vietnamese army is demoralized, corrupt, inactive; and it continues to steal the food and belongings of the villagers it is supposed to be converting (see *The New York Times*, November 28, 1966). Despite a recent decree invoking death penalties for desertions, the desertion rate is predicted by *The New York Times* to run to about 18 per cent for 1966; one man in five will have deserted. According to U.S. sources, ARVN desertions were 67,000 for the first six months of 1966; Vietcong desertions were 17,726 for the first eleven months. A top American adviser has called five of the ten ARVN divisions "combat-ineffective," and three others marginal.

In short, the war is stymied until the problem of pacification is somehow solved, even if American tanks and paratroops can now penetrate to areas never before reached. Therefore, many hawks, like Sen. Strom Thurmond, are calling for a different war, not a "long draggy war," but



Abu: Tribune, London

one that "will bring the enemy to his knees." At the same time it becomes clearer that none of the easily suggested alternatives—tactical nuclear weapons, an invasion north of the demilitarized zone, a drive from Thailand to the Tonkin Gulf—will have any positive impact on the problem of village pacification. So frustration with the war is widespread; and therefore peace initiatives like U Thant's or the Pope's are regarded by hawks as particularly dangerous—inasmuch as they might succeed.

In this context, one must consider the significance of the decision to bomb freight yards around Hanoi, and (even if without authorization) the center of Hanoi itself. Were these raids indicated on military or political grounds? It is hard to see a pressing military reason in the light of General Westmoreland's assurances that "the initiative has swung to our side" with respect to main-force operations. It is even more difficult to believe in a vital logistic relationship between the freight yards of Hanoi and the village guerrillas of the South. It makes sense only if you believe in bringing someone to his knees, even if it is the wrong person.

The political effect of these bombing raids is much clearer. In its article of last November 7, the *U.S. News & World Report* (as well as other sources) described the American contribution to a "deal" with Russia:

Mr. Johnson, for the U.S., is reported to have made a decision, revealed at the Manila Conference, not to escalate the Vietnam war by heavier bombing of really vital targets or by large-scale addition of troop strength.

Whatever the intention, the result of the December raids is to undo that decision, and effectively to minimize the threat of a *de facto* truce which might lead to negotiations. Despite Secretary McNamara's explicit assurances to the contrary, the Hanoi freight yards are a vital new target: they are the heart of the North Vietnamese rail system, and they had never been bombed before. Hanoi's

suburbs have admittedly been bombed in the last weeks, and probably its center as well. If anyone was frightened that Hanoi might listen to a Russian appeal for negotiations, that person would find it easier to relax and enjoy his Happy New Year.

It was just twelve months ago that an Italian professor came back from Ho Chi Minh with what seemed like a highly significant statement of willingness to negotiate on the sole basis of the 1954 Geneva Agreements. As we relate in our book, Ambassador Goldberg was warned on December 8, 1965, that Ho would not enter into peace negotiations with the U.S. if the Hanoi-Haiphong area were bombed.

One week later, while Secretary Dean Rusk's letter concerning the Italian initiative was being studied in Hanoi, the Haiphong area was bombed for the very first time in the war. The pause in the bombing which followed the Christmas truce was also ended, after a major U.S. escalation had spoiled its prospects. Until this pattern is somehow broken, we must face periods like the present one with the greatest anxiety. For the presence of a significant possibility of disengagement, even of negotiations, seems on past experience to increase the risk of escalation.

This is not said out of despair, or to suggest that there are now no chances for an extended *de facto* truce. On the contrary, Washington's confusion and self-contradictions with respect to the bombing of central Hanoi confirm the presence of deep internal conflicts concerning the advisability of escalation. In this context the Goldberg letter of December 19 to U Thant, like his statement of September 22, seems important—not as a solution in itself but as a symptom of greater U.S. interest in peace. The letter's wording as such contains little to attract the interest of the other side, inasmuch as it does not ask U Thant to bring about a cease-fire, but only to engage in "the necessary discussions which could lead to such a cease-fire." This can easily be interpreted as another U.S. attempt to arrange discussions which are not specifically directed to the implementation of the 1954 Agreements, with the National Liberation Front as a participant. On the other hand, the Goldberg initiative—if combined with concessions in deeds such as a cessation of bombing—quite possibly could lead to meaningful discussions and even negotiations.

Correspondents agree that President Johnson's authorization for the two Goldberg initiatives was not given easily or lightly, as to an empty propaganda gesture. On the contrary, it was probably granted over the opposition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who fear a truce which would, in James Reston's words, "leave the Vietcong in possession of most of South Vietnam" (*San Francisco Chronicle*, December 21, 1966). It does not seem inevitable that these international moves toward disengagement and peace will, as in the past, lead to a fresh round of escalation. One unknown factor which will affect the outcome will be the extent to which the Pope's initiative is supported by the American people. They must respond to it, not just passively (a 1965 poll showed that 73 per cent of Americans wished a pause in the bombing; the pause, however, soon ended), but actively through their words, letters, social and political organizations.

National Taxes and Local Needs

R. A. MUSGRAVE

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The current burst of proposals to transfer federal revenue to the individual states has produced a wide variety of response. Launched from the liberal wing as the Heller proposal, the idea has been opposed by labor, and the Administration also is said to be unsympathetic. But the idea has received bipartisan endorsement from the Conference of State Governors and now bounces back from the Republican side as their "great answer to the planned society."

The key to this puzzling pattern is simply that the transfer proposal may be supported on quite different grounds. Liberals see it as a device for placing the superior taxing ability of the federal government at the service of rising state-local needs. They consider it a supplement to, not a substitute for, the traditional type of grant programs. Its purpose is to produce a higher and more adequate level of public services, with continued emphasis on income taxation in the overall (federal-state-local) tax structure. It is also to prevent the recurrence of "fiscal drag."

Conservatives take a different tack. They see the revenue transfer as an attractive alternative to specific aid programs, a device to hold down federal spending, a base for property tax reduction, a means to decentralize fiscal control and to strengthen state power relative to that of the federal government. It is evident, then, that the plan could do quite different things, depending on how it was structured and applied.

When the Heller plan was first advanced, the step-up in Vietnam had not yet materialized. The economy had responded well to the stimulus of the tax cut of 1964, but a situation was anticipated when renewed expansionary action would be needed. The proposal for revenue transfer to the states offered an attractive alternative to federal tax reduction or expenditure increase.

Since then, the economic picture has changed. Due to sharply increased military spending, the federal budget for 1966 has been excessively expansive rather than restrictive, and as of now the winds are still in that direction. However, hopes are that sooner or later the war demands will level off. At that time, and over the longer pull, the old problem of fiscal drag is likely to re-emerge.

The difficulty, briefly, is this. As the economy grows, the level of output at full employment rises by, say, \$40 billion a year. This means that federal revenue (out of full-employment income) will automatically rise by about \$7 billion. Unless federal expenditures go up, the potential budget surplus at full employment will rise accordingly, and it will be more difficult for the economy to maintain full employment.

The "fiscal dividend" of \$7 billion, while a potential blessing, must be returned to the expenditure stream. Using

the excess receipts for debt retirement will not do this, but expenditure increase or tax reduction will. Or it might be done by transferring the excess revenue to state-local governments. If this increases state-local spending, the employment effects are similar to those of increased federal spending. If it reduces state-local taxes, private spending will rise, and the expansionary effect would be similar to that of a federal tax cut. The transfer plan thus fits the needs of an expansionary stabilization policy; and given its broad political support, it might well permit more expansion than could otherwise be undertaken.

This case for revenue transfer, as a tool of stabilization policy, is joined with another, aimed at a better matching of fiscal resources and needs. From 1955 to 1965, state and local general expenditures rose from \$34 billion to \$75 billion, an increase of more than 120 per cent. Even on a per capita basis, the increase was 90 per cent. More than three-quarters of this was financed by increased tax receipts; and two-thirds of the increase in receipts was from sales and property taxes. As a result, the state-local tax structure was placed under considerable strain, at the very time when the federal government came to be concerned with a problem of fiscal drag and excess revenue yield.

The increased cost of state-local services must not be exaggerated. In relation to gross national product, such expenditures rose by one-third only, from 9 to 11 per cent; and as a fraction of total (federal, state, local) expenditures for civilian purposes they remained about constant at 63 per cent. Nevertheless, state-local needs will continue to rise in relation to GNP. Although the pressure for increased services stemming from underlying demographic factors will abate somewhat, a severe gap remains, and the built-in growth of state-local revenues from existing rates of tax will not suffice. Moreover, the potential for increased taxation is limited. For one thing, the states wish to compete for business by offering a good "tax climate," forgetting in most cases that the "public service climate" matters as well. For another, the types of tax available for use regionally are more limited than those on a nation-wide basis. The tax base for the nation exceeds the sum of those for the states, since more efficient and equitable tax measures can be applied.

These considerations distill down to four facts: (1) The public needs serviced at the state-local level must be assigned high priority in the expanding output of our economy; (2) federal taxes are qualitatively superior to and more readily available than state-local taxes; (3) the federal tax system will be in a position of relative slack; and (4) this slack must be disposed of to maintain employment. From this summary emerges a convincing case for placing the superior federal taxing power at the service of state and local needs. The question is not whether—but how—it should be done.

We commence with the need for fiscal equalization. Local and state governments can apply taxes only within

their jurisdictions. The tax base (property, sales, income, etc.) available within the jurisdiction determines its fiscal capacity. This capacity differs widely between states and localities, and typically stands in inverse relationship to fiscal needs. Such is the case especially for health, welfare, education and low-cost housing.

Revenue transfer may be so used as to secure better balance between fiscal capacity and need. If the transfer is to the states, strict revenue sharing (returning to each state a fraction of the income tax collected from that state) would be distributionally neutral. Transfer on a per capita basis would be mildly redistributive, since per capita federal tax collections from high-income states exceed those from low-income states.

A much larger effect could and should be achieved by using a formula in which explicit recognition is given to capacity, measured by, say, per capita income; and where allowance for need may be introduced as well. Thus some fraction of the total transfer, and substantially more than the frequently mentioned 10 per cent, should be set aside for distribution in this way.

But even if this were done, the fact remains that the mismatch between fiscal capacity and need is not only, or even primarily, an interstate problem. Inequalities are even greater among localities within a state. This raises the question of whether the federal transfer, or some part thereof, should go to local governments rather than to states. The proposition seems sensible at a time when the need for regional fiscal complexes (to wit, for metropolitan areas) becomes increasingly evident, and the state has lost most of its logic as a major fiscal unit. For political reasons, however, it may still be necessary to direct the transfers to the states. In that case, they should be subject to conditions which assure their use in reducing capacity-need differentials among local governments.

But reducing the inequalities of fiscal capacity and need is not an objective in itself. Considerations of equality or equity relate to individuals, not to governments. What matters is that the federal government should be concerned first with sustaining *minimum* levels of public services, and failure to provide minimum levels arises precisely where capacity falls short of need. An additional dollar spent on high school education in Westchester County, N.Y., is fine, but it is much less important than an equivalent amount spent on elementary education in Harlem or in Mississippi.

This raises the question of just what kind of public services the transferred revenue is to support. Is it to go into highways, redevelopment of downtown office structures, or into human investment, such as elementary education or child care? The implication of the program will depend greatly on the answers.

By and large, the proponents of the Heller plan have held that there should be a minimum of strings, that the states should be permitted to decide how the funds are to be used. This would help to secure rapid legislation, but it now appears that there is no great hurry and the issue can be considered on its merits. The increase in state-local expenditures from 1955 to 1965, it is argued, was directed very largely at such essential categories as education (42 per cent of the increase) and health and welfare (14 per

cent). From this it is concluded that the new grants will be used similarly.

But the matter is too important to be left thus to chance. The more vital the services which are to be supported with scarce means, the more essential it is that these resources be used effectively. If the largess of the federal government were boundless, it would make little difference how the support was given. But the federal government, notwithstanding its superior taxing powers, cannot (and should not) support all things in all places. Its resources are limited, even in the context of fiscal drag, and tax reduction and increased federal programs are alternative remedies. The scarce resources should be concentrated, therefore, where they would do most good.

This poses a further point. Suppose the revenue transfers are to be made in the form of unrestricted block grants. Will such transfers be supplementary to, or in lieu of, existing (and future) federal aid programs directed toward specific functions? The originators of the Heller plan and its supporters think in terms of the former alternative, but that is hardly the spirit of Congressman Melvin Laird's proposal (according to *The New York Times* of December 20) that a beginning be made by replacing grants under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act with block grants to the states, subject only to the general proviso that they be used for education. Thereby, the program's effectiveness in the war against poverty (and a quarter-hearted war it has been) would be greatly diluted.

Undoubtedly, the revenue transfer would be seen by many supporters as a device to reduce and restrict direct federal aid programs. Therefore, the case for general revenue transfer must be discussed not in isolation but in relation to the future role of specific grant programs. There is much to be said for stressing local responsibilities and involvement in traditionally local expenditure functions, and there is no denying that the local government is in closer touch with its specific needs. But it is evident also that the technical competence of most state governments is far below that available for program planning at the federal level. Nor does the ranking of programs, as seen from the state point of view, coincide, in many cases, with the set of national priorities with which the federal government must be concerned.

Much is being said about the new look of fiscal federalism that will emerge from this program. Will it be one of directed transmission of fiscal resources from the federal to the state and local levels, adjusted to provide minimum levels of nationally important (but locally furnished) public services? Or will it be one of general revenue transfer, with expenditure restriction at the federal level, reduction in state-local taxes, and complete freedom of the states to use the funds as they see fit?

The issue here is not one of partisan political advantage. The political complexion of Statehouses changes, and reapportionment may well reverse the "conservative versus liberal" ranking of the federal government and the states. What matters, rather, is the construction of a responsible system of fiscal federalism. A basic tenet of such a system is that there should be a link between the responsibility to tax and the responsibility to spend. While differentials in fiscal capacity and need make transfers necessary, the form

of these transfers should be such as to preserve this link in some measure. There should be some assurance that funds, which originate at the national level, will be spent according to national priorities. Lacking this relationship, the revenue transfer may well result in a Balkanization of our expenditure structure, at the very time when a comprehensive national approach to public service programs is most needed.

To sum up, federal fiscal resources are not limitless, and cannot serve all needs at the same time. The most important policy objectives must be given priority, and the dispersion of funds for secondary and tertiary objectives

be set behind. The "everything-is-important" answer is no solution. The most crucial domestic issue before the federal government is the social integration of the Negro, and the closely related poverty issue. Notwithstanding all the talk, very little has been done to date to meet these needs, and that is the area where fiscal resources should be directed first of all.

State and local governments must play an important part in such an endeavor, and revenue transfers to states and localities will be needed. But these transfers should be assigned and guided as part of a broader program. They should not be applied in a shotgun fashion.

LOVESTONE, MEANY & STATE

AMERICAN LABOR OVERSEAS

HENRY W. BERGER

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When the AFL-CIO Executive Council, at its meeting in Chicago last August, offered complete and unequivocal support of President Johnson's position in Vietnam, asserting that criticism of the war "can only pollute and poison the bloodstream of our democracy," it was remaining loyal to a conservative foreign policy which the country's major labor organization has followed from the start. This outlook is characteristic of George Meany and his chief adviser on international affairs, Jay Lovestone (director of the AFL-CIO International Affairs Department), as well as Irving Brown, William C. Doherty, Jr., and Andrew C. McLellan. These men have long been associated with the AFL wing of the giant labor confederation and, in active collaboration with the United States Government, they largely determine labor's foreign policy. Moreover, they conduct these very substantial overseas activities almost entirely without consulting the rank-and-file workers who help to subsidize them. To be sure, the International Affairs Department dutifully reports its activities to annual AFL-CIO conventions and throughout the year issues a voluminous barrage of publications. The reports usually either hail the accomplishments of labor's international efforts or warn of the ever-present danger that communism will sweep the free trade union movement of the world. Such rhetoric, however, does not stem from any views the members themselves may have. Instead, the workers tend to accept what the leaders tell them.

The main tenets of organized labor's present foreign policy were established in the early days of the AFL under the leadership of Samuel Gompers. Significant departures from the essential guidelines were nearly always forced responses to specific external events, rather than fundamental and permanent changes in ideas. Nor has successive leadership produced any noticeable shifts in policy.

The major exception to the general truth of this propo-

sition was the international outlook of the CIO unions that broke from the AFL in the 1930s. On the whole, the CIO tended to be less doctrinaire, more flexible, more willing to recognize that changes could be produced by indigenous social conditions, and were not always directed from Moscow. This viewpoint helps to explain the present strain between the leadership of the two major components of the AFL-CIO.

From the beginning, the AFL viewed the international scene in terms of such narrow domestic bread-and-butter issues as overseas competition from cheap labor and cheap goods. Consequently, the federation habitually endorsed measures that would protect it from competition, including immigration restriction, improved world-wide labor standards and, for much of its history, high tariffs on many items produced by constituent unions. But these goals were tied to an outlook which increasingly emphasized the virtues of business unionism, championed liberal capitalism, espoused a conservative trade union program, promoted the export of an AFL style of union, and resisted alternative labor ideologies.

It cannot be denied that the AFL helped to create unions in some areas where virtually no labor movement had existed. This was particularly true in Latin America. In time, it was believed, this development would benefit labor in the United States because the foreign unions would reduce the competition of cheap labor as they forced higher wages from employers. Moreover, higher wages would mean a larger market for many goods produced by union members in the United States. But the unions which the AFL promoted abroad were either patterned after the AFL unions themselves or were politically allied with the American labor federation. Finally, in a number of instances the federation sponsored unions to compete with an already existing labor movement. It initiated activities in other countries

For other insights into the activities of the AFL-CIO in nations abroad see: "Meddling in South America" by Stanley Meisler, *The Nation*, February 10, 1964; "Lovestone Diplomacy" by Sidney Lens, *The Nation*, July 5, 1965.

wherever and whenever it had the resources to do so, and increasingly collaborated with the United States Government in pursuit of common foreign policy objectives.

Records to document these tendencies exist from as early as the first decades of the century and continue to the present. The work of AFL organizers in Latin America and the Pacific after the Spanish-American War, Samuel Gompers' close association with the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson, and union efforts (temporarily unsuccessful) in Europe during and immediately following World War I are but highlights of this long and conscious involvement in foreign affairs. The death of Gompers and the coming of the depression served momentarily to check labor's foreign activities, but there was no shift in basic policies. What changed was the degree of involvement.

In fact, the AFL's ultraconservative posture was confirmed and its efforts to influence the shape of overseas labor movements and official United States policy were renewed and intensified when the CIO emerged as a competitive force in the mid-1930s. While part of this attitude was in response to CIO activities abroad, especially in Latin America, the *character* of AFL policy was of its own making. William Green, then president of the federation, and his associates, Matthew Woll, John Frey, Chester Wright and George Meany, strongly opposed the progressive and nationalist Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM), led by the Marxist-oriented Vicente Lombardo Toledano, and the oil-nationalization program of the Lázaro Cárdenas regime—both of which were endorsed by the CIO. The federation chose instead to support the impotent and conservative Regional Confederation of Mexican Workers (CROM) and those in the State Department who tried to resist the nationalization decrees.

This conservative position was repeated throughout Latin America, Europe and Asia during and after World War II. To be sure, the AFL was an early and vigorous opponent of Fascist and other right-wing authoritarian regimes which set out to destroy *all* trade unions. But it tended to tolerate, and sometimes to embrace, reactionary regimes that were vigorously anti-Communist and that permitted AFL-supported unions to function. Such was the situation after the war in Greece, in the Caribbean and Central America, in Bolivia and in China. Moreover, as the fighting ended, the AFL's campaign in Western Europe, Latin America and Asia received political and economic support from Washington.

Some of this union-government cooperation held over from labor involvement in wartime agencies, especially the Office of Inter-American Affairs (OIAA), headed by Nelson Rockefeller. Men associated with the AFL, among them John Herling, Serafino Romualdi (later in charge of the federation's Inter-American Affairs), Robert J. Watt and David Dubinsky, had either official or unofficial ties with the OIAA. Irving Brown, who probably did more than any other single person to promote AFL objectives in Europe and Africa after 1944, began this involvement as director of the Labor and Manpower Division of the Foreign Economic Administration (FEA) in which he served during the critical months of April to September, 1945. Brown then resigned from the FEA because he believed that

American policy makers in Germany were promoting labor policies which, in his words, served "the interests of the Soviet Union." But this disagreement did not terminate Brown's work for the AFL in Europe, nor end AFL cooperation with the government. In fact, the relationship was eventually formalized and the government leaned increasingly toward the AFL point of view in foreign labor matters.

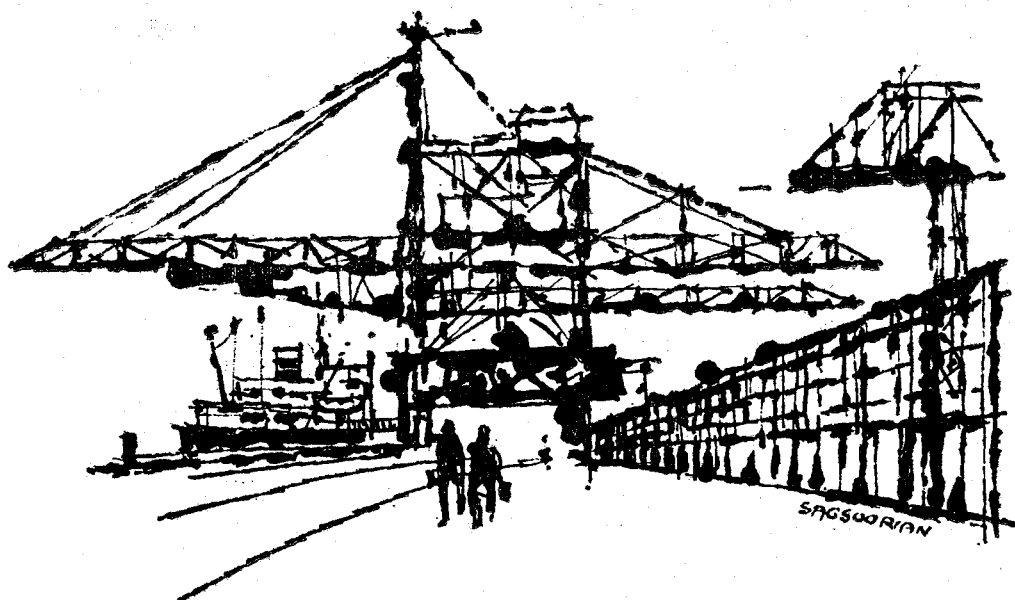
It is important to emphasize that AFL agents were proselytizing in Latin America, Asia and Europe well before it can be seriously argued that the Soviet Union was



Drawing by Anton Refregier

in any active sense intervening in those areas on behalf of Communist labor leadership. Soviet support and direction came after local Communists were already involved in unions on their own, as in France and Italy. Moreover, as even conservative journalists reported, the Communists in Western Europe were quite moderate and cooperated with non-Communist groups until 1947, when East-West relations turned exceedingly cold. The AFL intervened vigorously prior to these developments and did so on its own initiative. The intervention was surreptitious and designed to undermine labor elements already in existence or emerging from the chaos of World War II.

In Latin America the federation simply renewed its historical involvement. George Meany was sent to Mexico in December, 1944, to investigate the possibilities of working with conservative elements of the Mexican CTM in opposition to Vicente Lombardo Toledano and the hemispheric Confederation of Latin American Workers (CTAL) which he now headed. The AFL had changed its position



toward the CTM because it was clearly the dominant Mexican union and because it contained conservative men with whom the AFL might be able to join hands.

While the U.S. Department of State officially divorced itself from Meany's venture, it in fact gave assistance and encouragement. Meany reported on his findings to George S. Messersmith, the American Ambassador to Mexico. A year later, Serafino Romualdi, the official AFL Inter-American representative, traveled extensively through Latin America to seek support for a labor federation that would rival the CTAL. His trip was in part underwritten with public funds, since his ostensible reason for going south was to represent American labor at the regional International Labor Organization (ILO) Conference in Mexico City. State had a say in planning the rest of Romualdi's itinerary.

These events were followed by increased consultation between AFL and State Department officials, in particular Romualdi, Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden, and the chief of the division of labor attachés, Daniel Horowitz. From these meetings emerged the Inter-American Confederation of Labor (CIT), predecessor to the present-day Inter-American Regional Organization of Workers (ORIT).

In Europe, the AFL set out to establish anti-Communist cadres through heavy financial assistance, generous political advice and widespread underground activities. Its major instrument was the Free Trade Union Committee (FTUC) whose executive secretary was Jay Lovestone. Lovestone's chief man in Europe was Irving Brown. The method of operation was simple—dual unionism. Thus in France the AFL urged unions to split from the General Confederation of Labor (CGT), and materially assisted the formation of the rival *Force Ouvrière* (F.O.).

Brown also intervened in French strikes. The most famous of these episodes was a strike against the delivery of American arms at French ports in 1949-50. Brown supplied the funds and the manpower to get the material landed and thus helped to defeat the unions involved.

In France, as elsewhere in Europe, AFL showed little patience with those who saw distinctions between various

factions of the Left or who refused to consider all Communists mere Kremlin robots. Thus a long-time labor attaché to Paris, Richard Eldridge—whose knowledge of French labor was extraordinary, and who suggested a more flexible policy in dealing with the French Left—ran into the opposition of the AFL "activists." The whole story of Eldridge, who seems to have had the confidence of American Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, will probably never be known, but he is proof that not all American officials shared the AFL's almost theological view of foreign labor matters.

In Italy, Brown and Harry Goldberg opposed Socialists as well as Communists, and helped to splinter the labor movement in that country too. Similar courses were followed in Greece, Germany and the Orient. Richard Deverall, the top AFL figure in Japan, had previously served with the American military government. The AFL also sent him to India, and Harry Goldberg moved from Italy to Indonesia. The available evidence suggests that a great deal of money was pumped into these missions and that it came from government sources as well from the AFL.

No one disputes the right of the AFL to take whatever political stand its judgment dictates. But what was so disturbing about the ventures cited above was the means the leadership used to approach its goals. First, the AFL became thickly involved in the labor affairs of other nations. This not only violated another AFL principle—the autonomy of labor unions—but it paralleled the very practices of the Communists that the AFL daily condemned. Second, the activity was carried on without the knowledge or prior consent of most rank-and-file union members at home. Third, the AFL increasingly tied its overseas activities to United States Government agencies, including the CIA. None of these developments fitted well into the democratic tradition of American unionism.

Meanwhile, in the increasingly bitter atmosphere of the cold war, the CIO withdrew from the Communist-dominated WFTU and, along with the AFL, affiliated with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU). Among other things, the agreement between the AFL and the CIO on foreign policy helped to create the climate for their

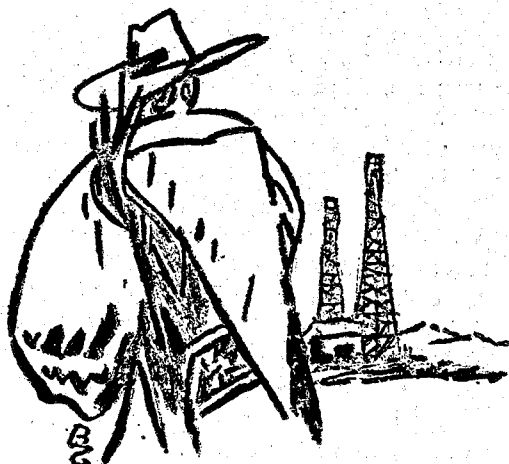
merger in 1955. Although many in the CIO had been disillusioned by their experience with the Communists in the WFTU, what happened in that situation was by no means inevitable. It was rather the outcome of a deteriorating relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. Nor did the result necessarily vindicate either the premises or the practices of AFL foreign policy. Even so, AFL leaders stepped up their activities after the merger, despite the formal liquidation of the Free Trade Union Committee. Lovestone and his assistants have continued to the present their private espionage efforts abroad and have remained firmly in control of the foreign policy apparatus of the AFL-CIO.

George Meany estimated in 1963 that 25 per cent of AFL-CIO income—"plus a great deal more from our various affiliates—goes into these international activities." But this statement does not suggest the very substantial income from another major source—the United States Government. It has been estimated at \$110 million.

AFL-CIO involvement with official international policy has been expanded also by the increase of government personnel working in the field of international labor relations. By 1965, sixty-five labor attachés were assigned to United States embassies, 125 part-time labor officers and miscellaneous labor personnel were attached to embassies and missions of the Agency for International Development (AID) overseas, and twenty-one persons were employed as full-time workers in the State Department and AID in Washington. Nearly all these employees were cleared for appointment by the AFL-CIO, their militant anti-Communist credentials being scrutinized with particular care.

The attitude of the men who make American labor's foreign policy has produced a continuing dispute between them and Socialist-oriented unions affiliated with the ICFTU. Many in the world labor body would like to see a relaxation of tensions between East and West and less AFL-CIO dominance of the organization. Meany, Lovestone and company decidedly oppose this view. It is this sort of issue that provides the base for argument, not Mr. Meany's alleged quarrel with ICFTU officials over administrative matters or his concern about the personal morals of some ICFTU staff members.

A similar division between the AFL-CIO and the unions



of other countries has occurred in the ICFTU's Latin American affiliate, ORIT. The AFL's first sustained overseas involvement was in Latin America, and it is still the scene of some of its most extensive activity. This is most dramatically illustrated in the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), now directed by William C. Doherty, Jr. (see "Labor Between Bread and Revolution" by Sidney Lens, *The Nation*, September 19, 1966). The AIFLD, with a budget running into the millions, maintains fourteen Latin American field offices and has trained more than 30,000 students in United States union policies, tactics and organizational procedures. Nearly 500 of these students have taken advanced courses in Washington, have been placed on the AIFLD's payroll for nine months after they returned home, and have engaged in political activities in their countries, designed to advance the interests of the AFL-CIO and the United States Government.

The objectives of the AIFLD training schools have been primarily political. Paul K. Reed, former international representative of the United Mine Workers, made this clear in an exchange with the employer of one trade unionist from Bogotá, Colombia. Requesting a year's leave for this man, a union official, in order that he might participate in the AIFLD educational program, Reed declared that "we feel strongly that through the education of the workers it will be possible to halt the wave of communism sweeping through Latin America."

What this means in practice has become all too clear. In British Guiana, the AFL, along with large American corporations, supported the successful opponents of the Cheddi Jagan leftist regime, and in Brazil the AIFLD has cooperated with the military dictatorship of Humberto Castelo Branco. Only recently, Doherty endorsed Castelo Branco during public ceremonies dedicating a housing project largely financed by AID. In the Dominican Republic, federation-supported right-wing laborites helped in 1963 to oust Juan Bosch. The American union activity was so heavy-handed that eventually the Dominicans demanded that Fred Somerford, United States labor attaché, and Andrew McLellan, the ORIT representative, leave the country. Nevertheless, the AFL-CIO strenuously opposed Bosch in the 1966 elections, following American military intervention. It accused Bosch's revolutionary party (PRD), on very little evidence, of being Communist dominated, and leveled the same charge at unions supporting him.

The AIFLD has been a chief supporting instrument of these and other AFL-CIO activities in Latin America. It has also carried on what it calls "social projects," a series of efforts largely financed by the U.S. Government through AID. These include housing developments, worker co-ops, credit unions, banks, apprentice schools, medical clinics and union halls. Many of them are impressive achievements, but all have been channeled to the "proper" political recipients and favored unionists. The money, thus, has been political money, dispensed in accordance with AFL-CIO political objectives.

In these ambitious undertakings, the AIFLD has enjoyed not only the active participation and cooperation of the U.S. Government but also the support of certain

private U.S. firms which have seen a controlled, anti-radical union movement as necessary to their well-being. The board of trustees of the AIFLD includes J. Peter Grace of W. R. Grace and Company, Berent Friele of the Rockefeller Foundation, Charles Brinckerhoff, president of the Anaconda Company, and Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways.

AFL-CIO ventures in the area have, of course, been severely denounced by Latin American Communists and some Socialists. But the opposition has not come only from the traditional Left. Supporters of former President Juan Perón of Argentina have been sharply critical and so has a group of labor organizations gathered in a growing organization known as the Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions (CLASC), with its center of operations at Santiago de Chile. CLASC is affiliated with the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions (IFCTU), with European chapters in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Holland.

Though still small in numbers (about 50,000 dues-paying members), CLASC is a vigorous competitor of ORIT and a militant opponent of U.S. union activity and what it terms American "imperialism" in Latin America. But CLASC is also strongly anti-Communist and seems to borrow much of its central ideology and appeal from Peronista rhetoric. The emphasis is upon neutralism in the cold war and a revolutionary social program in Latin America. CLASC has been able to cause difficulties for Alliance for Progress trade union operations and thus to force U.S. officials to consider giving it a role in planning Alliance labor policies. This distresses the AFL-CIO, which has charged that CLASC "has traditionally opposed the U.S. type of economic system, has been anti-Alliance for Progress, anti-Organization of American States and anti-Pan Americanism."

However, not all the AFL-CIO leadership shares that estimate. Among those who take an apparently more open-minded view are Walter and Victor Reuther. Indeed, the Reuther brothers and their friends have increasingly objected to the entire Meany-Lovestone foreign policy. This schism has long been suspected, but recently there have been sharp public exchanges between the two groups over such matters as labor's relationship with the State Department and the CIA, the AFL-CIO boycott of the ILO after a Polish delegate was elected president, the role of the AFL-CIO in the Dominican crisis, the federation's position on Vietnam, and its foreign policy theories and tactics in general.

The latest meeting of the executive council on November 14 confirmed AFL control of organized labor's foreign policy. Walter Reuther, for reasons which are not yet entirely clear, chose not to attend the council meeting, which endorsed the entire eleven-year foreign policy record of the merged federation. *The New York Times* reported that when Mr. Meany was asked whether this meant that the council felt it had made no mistakes whatsoever during this period, he replied: "Yep"—a response which may be taken to indicate that the Meany-Lovestone outlook has become more rigid than ever.

By openly disputing the position of Meany and Lovestone,



Walter Reuther has probably risked his chances to succeed Meany as AFL-CIO president, but perhaps he has also set up the nucleus of a leadership able to challenge the established foreign policy of organized labor. He may elect to do this by dissociating the United Auto Workers from the foreign policy of the national labor federation, and by adopting an independent stand. It has been suggested that Reuther's absence from the November 14 meeting of the council was a first step in that direction. Whatever the strategy, Reuther could possibly provide a different direction for labor's international activities and also restore a portion of a badly damaged democratic labor tradition.

The alternative that Reuther represents is urgent for another and perhaps still more important reason. The present foreign policy of the federation contributes to an increased cold-war military build-up in the United States, because it emphasizes military responses to situations abroad. From Vietnam to the Dominican Republic, the AFL-CIO has endorsed the use of armed force. In so doing, American labor places its own hopes for domestic economic and social advance in severe jeopardy.

Contrary to official proclamations from Washington, the U.S. cannot have its guns and butter too. Already the Great Society programs have been slashed. That fact should be emphasized now, before anyone rushes to the defense of the Administration by ascribing those cuts to a *future* political consequence of Republican election successes. The cutbacks began long before last November and are mostly the result of the stepped-up war in Vietnam.

In the long run, American labor does not benefit from this situation, even if some workers in defense-oriented industries are temporarily the richer. The war boom must finally end, but it may not do so before conditions are created which deprive workers of important social programs, result in a postwar depression, or continue the military build-up to logical and totally disastrous consequences.

So, in the end, foreign policy and domestic politics are closely allied, and the AFL-CIO cannot pretend otherwise without injury to itself. From every point of view, therefore, it becomes a concrete and moral imperative for American labor to revise its assumptions about the role and goals of American labor abroad.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Wallace Stevens: Business and a Sonnet

LETTERS OF WALLACE STEVENS.
Selected and edited by Holly Stevens.
Alfred A. Knopf. 890 pp. \$17.50.

A. WALTON LITZ

Mr. Litz is an associate professor of English at Princeton University. He is the author of *Jane Austen* (Oxford University Press), and is at present working on a critical study of Stevens.

Fame came slowly to Wallace Stevens, never completely breaking down the anonymity that he deliberately and stubbornly cultivated. In 1928, when Stevens was 49 years old, the poetry editor of a Hartford newspaper surveyed the local scene for Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry*:

No doubt you know that Robert Hillyer, Wilbert Snow and Odell Shepard live here, and that Muriel Stuart's last book was published by Mitchell's book-shop here. The Poetry Club of Hartford meets at Mitchell's and the poetry center here is really at that shop.

Miss Monroe, who had published Stevens' verse as early as 1914, added to this notice the rather acerbic remark that, in her opinion, "the poetry center of Hartford is in the residence of Wallace Stevens," but the *Letters* make it easy to understand how the author of *Harmonium* (1923) could remain virtually unknown in his home town. "Personality must be kept secret before the world," Stevens confided to his journal in 1900; and in the same journal entry he recorded his admiration for a successful Harvard graduate who "went into the shoe business & still kept an eye on sunsets & red-winged blackbirds—the summum bonum." Stevens himself, who was to become a successful lawyer and insurance executive, "kept an eye on sunsets & red-winged blackbirds." He once observed that "money is a kind of poetry," and like the hero of Robert Frost's "Two Tramps in Mud Time" he sought to unite his avocation and vocation, as the "two eyes make one in sight."

During the years since Stevens' death in 1955 his reputation has increased enormously, until today most readers of American poetry would grant him at least a place with Eliot and Frost and Pound. This dramatic increase in reputation is all the more remarkable since it was founded on the poetry alone; unlike

Frost, Stevens never sought to provide us with a personality outside the poems. Even in the last years of his life, the years of lectures and public honors, Stevens remained a remote figure, but now with the publication of the *Letters* we are at last able to establish tentative connections between the private personality and the personality which informs the poems. From over 3,000 letters covering a period of sixty years, Stevens' daughter has selected some 800 which provide a fascinating guide to the contours of his life. Since many of the excluded letters deal with business matters or with the elaborate genealogical investigations which obsessed Stevens during the 1940s, this volume contains the heart of his correspondence. Inevitably the letters are scarcest for those periods where we most desire information: the long years between Stevens' undergraduate publications and the appearance of his first mature poetry (1900-14), and the fallow period between the first and second editions of *Harmonium* (1923-31). However, the editor has filled in Stevens' early career with selections from the journal he kept between 1898 and 1912, and with letters Stevens received from his father while an undergraduate at Harvard, so that in some ways the early sections of the *Letters* reveal the most about Stevens' inner life. With admirable restraint Holly Stevens has supplied just enough factual and biographical annotation to make for continuity and clarity.

The volume opens with four letters from Stevens to his mother, written during the vacations of 1895 and 1896. Tender and amusing, they reveal a close affinity between mother and son, as well as the first stirrings of a distinctive imagination. The last letter of the four begins with the "piping of flamboyant flutes, the wriggling of shrieking fifes with rasping dagger-voices, the sighing of bass-voils, drums that beat and rattle, the crescendo of cracked trombones"—here we have that love of sound and rhythm, that feel for the density and color of words, that would one day mark the poems of *Harmonium*.

In 1897 Stevens left his native Reading, Pa., for three years as a special student at Harvard. No significant letters have survived from that period, but in Stevens' journal—and obliquely in his father's letters—we can glimpse the young

man who won the friendship of George Santayana. Witty and urbane, the letters of Stevens' father are the product of a powerful mind which his son may have found rather daunting:

You will see about Cambridge some nook perhaps seen by the eyes of those to whose greatness the world yielded niggardly homage then and who moved on to describe some other cloister in the words that never die. And who knows but bringing to its description your power of painting pictures in words you make it famous—and some Yankee old maid will say—it was here that Stevens stood and saw the road to distinction.

A little romance is essential to ecstasy.

Beside passages such as this, Stevens' own journal entries often seem "literary" and conventional, but occasionally they reflect that deep feeling for the composing power of nature which was to be the constant anchor of his imagination:

In the sunset to-night I tried to get the value of the various colors. The sun was dimmed by a slight mistiness which was sensitive to the faintest colors and thus gave an unusual opportunity for observation. In this delicate net was caught up first of all a pure whiteness which gradually tinted to yellow, and then to heavy orange and thick, blazing gold; this grew light again and slowly turned to pink. . . . The pink in the sky brightened into a momentary vermilion which slowly died again into rose-color edged with half-determined scarlet and purple. The rose-color faded, the purple turned into a fine, thin violet—and in a moment all the glow was gone.

My feelings to-night find vent in this phrase alone: Salut au Monde!

After a successful three years at Harvard, where he edited the *Advocate* and wrote a good deal of derivative verse, Stevens determined to make his way as a newspaper man in New York (perhaps under the inspiration of Stephen Crane, whose funeral he attended in June, 1900). But at this he did not succeed, and in the fall of 1901 he entered law school. In 1904 he was admitted to the bar, and after four inconclusive years as a practicing attorney he found his place as an insurance lawyer. During these years his journal provides a continuous record of his business activities and his poetry, the latter almost a subversive activity ("En-

gaged at the office all day on a sonnet—surreptitiously”). In 1904, during a trip to Reading, Stevens met Elsie Viola Moll, and began a correspondence which gradually supplanted the journal as a repository of his private aspirations. They were married in September, 1909, and settled in New York, where Stevens remained until 1916.

During these years, when Stevens was working steadily to establish his business career, his letters and journal entries reflect an intense if spasmodic interest in the making of poems. Shortly after their first meeting he wrote to Elsie Moll: “I should like to make a music of my own, a literature of my own, and I should like to live my own life.” Presumably the urge to write was never completely submerged in these years, and we are not surprised to find Stevens writing to his wife in 1913: “I have, in fact, been trying to get together a little collection of verses again. . . . Keep all this a great secret.” But there is little in the sparse letters of 1910-14 to prepare us for the poems Stevens began to submit for publication in 1914-15, and especially for “Sunday Morning,” which he sent to Harriet Monroe in 1915. Perhaps the course of Stevens’ artistic development will become clearer when the manuscript poems of the 1900-14 period are finally published, but it seems likely that the sudden appearance of the first *Harmonium* poems will always remain something of a miracle. The sensibility behind these poems is evident in the earliest letters and journal entries, but in terms of technique they represent a quantum jump over the verse Stevens was writing in 1908-09 (some of which is quoted in the *Letters*).

As Stevens’ poetry began to appear in print his letters became more external, wider ranging but less revealing. It is as if the impulse to confide had been completely satisfied by his poetry. The letters of 1916-23 (especially those to his wife and to Harriet Monroe) are the work of a self-satisfied man who is doing exactly what he wishes to do. Stevens was interested in the world of letters, but completely independent of it. As he told Harriet Monroe, “having elected to regard poetry as a form of retreat, the judgment

of people is neither here nor there.” Perhaps the most significant event of this time was Stevens’ introduction to Florida, which was to become for twenty-five years his vacation refuge, and whose landscape was to furnish his poetry with some of its most compelling images.

With the publication of *Harmonium* in 1923, and the birth of his only child in 1924, Stevens turned temporarily away from poetry and devoted most of his time for six or seven years to his career in business. He probably had this period of inactivity in mind when he wrote to Ronald Latimer in 1937:

... a good many years ago, when I really was a poet in the sense that I was all imagination, and so on, I deliberately gave up writing poetry because, much as I loved it, there were too many other things I wanted not to make an effort to have them.

By the early 1930s Stevens had, presumably, achieved most of these “other things”—among them the security of a large home and the vice presidency of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company—and he turned his mind once more to the making of poems. An augmented edition of *Harmonium* appeared in 1931, and from then on Stevens composed poetry at a rate which belied his double allegiance.

But in spite of this “freshening of life,” the thirties were not easy years for Stevens. The pressure of the times made itself felt in his verse, and his letters reveal a new—and defensive—concern with criticism. Stevens was eager to justify his aesthetic position when confronted with the demands for a “social” literature, and in his letters we find him countering Marxist criticism by rehearsing the arguments and justifications that are dramatized in *Owl’s Clover* and *The Man with the Blue Guitar*. “The real world seen by an imaginative man may very well seem like an imaginative construction,” Stevens wrote to Ronald Latimer, and in *The Man with the Blue Guitar* he seeks to defend the “reality” of that imaginative construction. Against the demands of the time Stevens poses his belief that “life without poetry is, in effect, life without a sanction.”

The 1940s, the most productive decade of Stevens’ career, also brought a new vitality and range to his correspondence: over half the letters in this volume come from the last fifteen years of Stevens’ life. The received image of the late Stevens—“John D. Rockefeller drenched in attar of roses”—is radically modified by these letters.

At first glance Stevens’ sudden obsession with genealogy and family background may appear to be pure snobbery, and an element of snobbery is certainly there; but the genealogical investigations, and the poems which came from them, are shown by the *Letters* to be an essential part of Stevens’ attempt to “realize the past as it was,” to join the “fellowship of one’s province.” Similarly, Stevens’ notorious political conservatism is somewhat modified by the *Letters*. Although he could deny in 1954 that there had ever been anything “hysterical” in McCarthyism, Stevens was not a stereotyped reactionary. Like Yeats, he tended to respond to politics in personal and aesthetic terms. Thus his refusal to be associated with the defense of Ezra Pound stemmed from his theory of the poet’s social role. “While he [Pound] may have many excuses,” Stevens wrote to Charles Norman, “I must say that I don’t consider the fact that he is a man of genius as an excuse. Surely, such men are subject to the common disciplines.”

Many of Stevens’ late letters are in answer to specific inquiries about his verse, and these provide a fascinating gloss for many of the poems. In his letters to Hi Simons and later to Renato Poggioli (who was translating some of his poems into Italian), Stevens patiently answered the questions that puzzle an intelligent reader of his poems. Although they are models of sensible elucidation, these letters also reflect Stevens’ ambiguous attitude toward all “explanations” which tend to translate the poem’s structure of feeling into a logical argument. As early as 1918 Stevens had protested to a correspondent that “explanations spoil things”; but at the same time he knew that “explication de texte,” his “principal form of piety,” often depended on information he could best provide. We may be glad that, in the end, he yielded to the inquiries of a few trusted correspondents.

One of the most attractive aspects of Stevens’ late letters is his interest in young poets, and his willingness to help them. Another is his deep friendship for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Church, with whom he had his fullest correspondence. Church, who was editor and co-founder of the French little magazine *Mesures*, had lived the life of Paris that Stevens chose to imagine, and he became for Stevens a kind of alter ego. “You have so thoroughly

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*I am a man in my mind.
A splendid performance!*

*The professors of patience do not applaud.
They say: “These arrangements are temporary.”*

*But I am a man in my mind.
Clap! Clap! It was a splendid performance.*

JOHN N. MORRIS

lived the life that I should have been glad to live," Stevens wrote to him in 1942. Church and Stevens became the closest of friends, and after Church's death in 1947 Mrs. Church became Stevens' principal link with the world of French art and literature.

From that world, as well as from the more exotic worlds of China and Japan and Ceylon, Stevens fed his imagination during his last years. The shipments of

books and pictures from his Paris dealer, the carefully planned Christmas packages from the Orient, the letters from his Cuban and Irish and French correspondents—these enabled him to see Hartford in a new and revealing light. At the end of his life, when he could have made those trips to Europe and the East that he had so long denied himself, Stevens chose to remain at home. He had already made, in his mind and art, a more splendid voyage.

Dos Passos' Restless Times

THE BEST TIMES: An Informal Memoir. By John Dos Passos. New American Library. 229 pp. \$5.

WORLD IN A GLASS: A view of our century selected from the novels of John Dos Passos. With an introductory essay by Kenneth S. Lynn. Houghton Mifflin. 440 pp. \$6.95.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED. By John Dos Passos. Houghton Mifflin. 310 pp. \$4.95.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. By John Dos Passos. Houghton Mifflin. 446 pp. \$12.50.

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is author of the forthcoming F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön (Oxford). He teaches American Studies at the University of Michigan.

In Edmund Wilson's *roman à clef* of the twenties, *I Thought of Daisy*, the character who portrays John Dos Passos is last seen embarking alone on a fruit steamer, bound for Afghanistan. "Why, yes—come along!" he cries, uneasily, to friends who want to come too—"if you wouldn't mind a few tarantulas and scorpions and things that go with the date and fig trade!" This restless, solitary wanderer emerges again from Dos Passos' memoir as if he had just now returned from Kabul. Three decades of political rhetoric wiped out: gone, the leftist line; gone, the Goldwater whine. The essential Dos Passos is a fellow traveler only with chance companions of the road.

It is good to have Dos Passos' memoir of his early years, as a counterpoint and in part an antidote, in the same season his publisher has reissued two of his novels and a book of selections from the whole. His list of works has been rearranged for the new editions to form not a chronological order as written but an order for the events they describe. The whole is called Dos Passos' Contemporary Chronicle, and he is proclaimed the author of a many-volume fictional history of our

times. A shrewd effort, even as it falsifies: how else promote an unread living writer, whose fiction and reputation through a generation have leapfrogged over each other downhill?

Most Likely To Succeed and *District of Columbia* are the novels newly reissued in uniform binding. If they are meant to preview a complete edition of the "Contemporary Chronicle," as novels from the years of tumble, they are unlikely to whet an appetite for more. *World in a Glass* is something else: a condensed version of the whole, the best or at least the most representative of Dos Passos—mainly from the U.S.A. and *District of Columbia* trilogies and *Midcentury*, with bits from several others—arranged in the new manner, by date of event rather than of composition. The title comes from a brilliant essay by Jean Paul Sartre published in 1938, in which Sartre regarded Dos Passos "as the greatest living writer of our time." Then came the disastrous fall. Now *The Best Times* and *World in a Glass* refresh the memory, and if one prefers not to affirm Sartre's judgment, at least it is possible once more to understand.

Dos Passos was a restless youth: in childhood carried to and fro across the sea; later as a young man he turned the journey almost into a way of life. *The Best Times* were times of movement. Dos Passos recalls his travels with gusto, his literary and political past only with diffidence. Fitzgerald, Dreiser, Cummings, the Sacco-Vanzetti case appear in Dos Passos' memoir as if he had only read about them—though his stories of them probably seem second hand because he generously told them to scholars a long time ago.

The most moving story in *The Best Times* is Dos Passos' account of a journey through the Near East in 1921. The last leg, from Baghdad to Damascus, he traveled across the desert on camel back, the only Westerner in an Arab caravan. He leaves his watch behind, has only a smattering of words. Detached from time, detached from language, he lives only

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with the undulating landscape, the enormous sky, the column of men and animals. He makes a note: "It's charming never to know exactly what's going on. I was never happier in my life." Arriving in Damascus, he finds awaiting him a packet of reviews on *Three Soldiers*. The novel is acclaimed, a bestseller. But it gives no pleasure. "This wasn't me. I was the nameless traveler who'd been sitting by the campfire with Jassem er Rawwif." He tosses the clippings into a wastebasket.

This is as close as Dos Passos comes in *The Best Times* to give a meaning for his incessant traveling, and one may be excused for thinking this simple polarity between nature and civilization a little sentimental. But *World in a Glass* provides another, and deeper, dimension. For the entire world of Dos Passos' fiction is constantly moving. None of his people sit still except the abject poor—and the motives for their motion convey the most important themes of Dos Passos' novels, the themes that thirty years ago were rightly so significant to Sartre.

The vast restlessness in Dos Passos' novels is a symptom of democratic society. Men are free; therefore they move. Movement is the badge of freedom, and its proof. Dos Passos' novels are about human freedom in our time. Neither bound in body nor in mind, men dream, hope, aspire. What is, no longer suffices: present time, present place, present people, cannot satisfy. They yearn for something better, at least for something different. This is the root of the immense longing that Dos Passos' people feel, a longing toward which Dos Passos creates for his readers so poignant a sense of pathos and understanding.

For his characters are free to run away, and free to run toward, yet never free to stop and stay for long. When Dos Passos' characters arrive at a place it rarely turns out as well as promised, and the old places in retrospect hardly ever seem as bad as they once did. His people are forever leaving at the wrong time, just before important events, and arriving elsewhere just too late. Thus his characters live emotionally in waves, hope turning to despair and suddenly renewing; sourness giving way to pleasure and good feeling; then again sour. Moving on, stopping, and moving on once more; no rest until death.

Freedom is a blessing and a curse, a curse of everlasting desires unfulfilled, dreams of a future that can never match the dream. Dos Passos' novels convey endless pathos without tragedy, eternal yearning without catharsis. He could not conceive a life or a society sufficient to itself; he only became, after *U.S.A.*, in-

creasingly unsympathetic to his restless characters, less and less capable of rendering his story as art. The only possibly satisfying answer stemmed from his experience in the desert: living in the pure present, neither running away nor running toward, but simply moving, without thought. Movement in itself and for itself might provide a controlling form.

Still, whatever the ultimate insufficiency, in three novels—the *U.S.A.* trilogy—Dos Passos created a world as had no other 20th-century novelist, a vast and complex place where average people lived ordinary lives, an image in art of modern society. Though it seems only a mirror reflecting the real world, in truth it is a new world, strange and distant, a world of art. "In capitalist society," Sartre wrote, "men do not have lives, they have only destinies. [Dos Passos] never says this, but he makes it felt throughout. He expresses it discreetly, cautiously, until we feel like smashing our destinies. We have become rebels; he has achieved his purpose."

And yet, as Sartre insists, Dos Passos impels the reader to rebel only against the world in the glass, not against his own world. The reader protests against the destinies of Dos Passos' characters, but can find no way to protest against his own. This is a major source of the pathos he makes his readers feel—the recognition that they are as frustrated in freedom as are Dos Passos' characters, that they too are trapped within their destinies, powerless to do anything about it. This does not detract from Dos Passos' achievement as an artist, but it suggests why he was unable to accomplish social objectives through his art, why after *U.S.A.* he turned from fiction toward history.

One way to evaluate Dos Passos for a new generation of readers is to compare him with the young novelist Thomas Pynchon, whose fiction resembles Dos Passos' in curious and instructive ways. Pynchon's *V.* is surprisingly similar to *U.S.A.* in the breadth of its ambition, in its diversity of styles, above all in the restlessness and unfulfilled longing of Pynchon's characters. Moreover, Pynchon has made the image of a world in a glass—a mirror world, a world beneath the surface world, a world *sub rosa*—his central theme. In *U.S.A.*, Dos Passos created a more accomplished work of art than either of Pynchon's novels so far. Yet Pynchon displays an intricate intelligence unlike anything in Dos Passos. The fate of Pynchon's characters may not touch the reader, but his vision of a mirror world, a secret world, is deeply moving.

In the end, for all the apparent political commitment in his fiction, Dos Passos has wanted most of all to be a free and separate self; and his freedom has been as inconclusive as that of all his characters. The excerpts from his fiction in *World in a Glass* provide no view of the century more unified than the reiterated similarity of individual destinies. Pynchon's world in a glass represents instead a social gesture; whatever its lasting value, it opens up for the reader new possibilities for society—a visionary world's challenge to the world in which we live. It comes down, at last, to the nature of the vision. For Dos Passos, the individual; for Pynchon, society—a distinction which separates one novelist from the other, and may also prove the dividing point between the last great generation of artists and seers and the one that may now be emerging.

The Infection of the World

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. By David Caute. The Macmillan Company. 616 pp. \$7.95.

SOL YURICK

Mr. Yurick is the author of the novels, *The Warriors* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and *Fertig* (Trident Press).

In an effort to preserve economic and moral interests in a conquered world, men are sent to war. In the process, atrocities are committed and expediency is rationalized by the erection of ideologies whose slogans always include words like culture, freedom, dignity. Individual lives are wrecked: people are tortured physically, or internally by the contradiction between ideal sentiment and what is practice in

the world. The administrators of colonialism seem blinded to what they do; probably they commit the most barbarous acts with relish. There is no tragedy or pathos in their behavior: literature has rarely studied them long enough to invent abstract, high-sounding categories. At best, psychology settles for the term "sickness," which would put a Hitler into therapy. The tragedy lies in the fate of the man of good will who is caught up in these currents and who is unable to bring himself to act decisively (for "liberalism" is a political tragic flaw). The hope for a humanistic act of faith, in terms of commitment in the world, is what David Caute's new novel is about. It is a hopeful book and an impressive achievement.

Poets, writers, historians of the grand fictions, have always chosen certain times in history which they have designated as seminal—frozen moments which are decisive, turning points in history. For one generation it was the French Revolution, for another the Russian, for still another it was the Spanish Civil War; today it is Lyndon Johnson's Vietnamese temper tantrum.

For Caute it is the events leading to the birth of the Congo as an independent state. Caute calls his country Coppernica (named for vast copper deposits). What he means is a Copernican revolution, symbolic of a change in Western fortunes; two old worlds, in dialectic confrontation, synthesizing a third world. The original revolution displaced man from the center of the universe; Caute's revolution displaces Western man from the center of the moral universe. His novel may shock some readers (where is the old fiction gone; why are the new writers so morbid; what *personal* fantasies are they working out?) who will prefer to mistake a way of life for a catalogue of aberrations rather than truth.

To sum up the plot is difficult in short space. An African leader arises, Coppernica makes its way to freedom, forces of the West seek to preserve their investments. The revolution is dethroned and, as in the Congo, a leader more amenable to doing business in the old way replaces the revolutionary leaders; the counterrevolution stages atrocities on the *colons* . . . nuns are raped, babies spitted, bureaucrats disemboweled, but the blame is placed on the revolutionary "savages." Mercenaries, hunting down the liberation leaders, range the landscape killing and torturing in the name of a grandiose ideology whose justification is Spengler's great historical fiction.

From this, it begins to be easier to understand Frantz Fanon's fiery, cleansing appeal to destroy the colonizers and the native collaborators with their West-programmed hearts: that great hunger for a fiery simplification. Finally, one man, James Caffrey, a kind of alienated liberal who dreams of action, but can, at first, only admire activism in a book (Malraux's *Man's Fate*), a sort of intellectual Mersault, brings himself to act and kill the leader of the *ultras*, Laval. He joins the revolution not of mere black against white—primitive against civilized—but the revolution of the humanists against the enslavers. This is too simple a summation. There are many characters, many scenes, flashing back and forth across time and space.

Caute's method is that of idealistic allusion in the midst of action. Wisely, he understands the plenitude of

motives that goes into decision making. He acknowledges many masters without being imitative or pointlessly eclectic. Every great political, moral and artistic event of the past generation is evoked and shown transformed in relation to this struggle. Characters in their immediate situations echo great catch phrases; a total reassessment is aimed for. And we learn how the need to preserve the best of Western culture can be used as rationalization for the protection of investments. The Bible, the divine right of taste, the primacy of personal urges, Carlylean evolution, Proust, Yeats provide touchstones. These become lenses through which to view the fight to determine which forces will rule Coppernica. In the hands of the inhumane, the humanities become another form of equity: "everything is permitted." Mercenaries bomb villages and torture resistance leaders, while quoting Spengler. People's views of themselves constantly change and become a sort of working truth. British investment is condoned by a taste for Renoirs: American pragmatism becomes an expression of density to human sensibility. Good will, pushed to the wall of dividend-loss, fails.

Possibly the best scenes, those expressive of the multiple layers Caute is working, are shown in terms of torture and perversion. These are horribly informative metaphors . . . more real than the reportage he quotes. The body is reduced to produce a fact. The tortured becomes subhuman and the torturer becomes superhuman, but neither remains a man. The mercenaries march through the jungle seeking out the revolutionaries, but in reality hunting for their lost destiny, the destiny of the West. *The Decline of the West* is a novel of ideas, but more important, it is also a work with dramatic thrust: political aphorisms in Caute's hand achieve the dignity of poetry. It is at times a brilliant performance.

There are weaknesses. The central drive of the novel is frequently vitiated by mere psychology. Caute is weak about Americans, both black and white. Carrying indecision as a literary strategy too far, Jason Powell is dissolved and becomes ridiculous. The force of the demoniac in civilization is dissipated by flash-back psychology. This is not to say that men do not have biographies, but the analytical approach is deformed by excessive rationality. It doesn't take account of the social forces; filtered through biography all seems mere personal sickness.

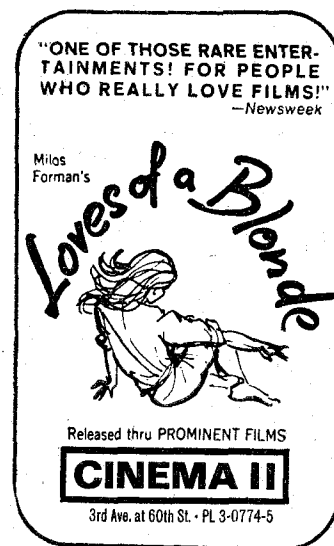
In this way we come to see Laval—at first as dedicated as any Aztec priest and as primeval—explained as a man whose behavior becomes a sum total of the frustrations of youth. Here Caute

did not learn his lesson from Proust well enough. We end up feeling a little sorry for a man like Laval, understanding him, when it is dangerous and soft to do so. Then too, as a technique, biography tends to dissipate the dramatic drive of the novel. But these are minor faults in an ambitious, engrossing, all-encompassing work.

Since this book is addressed to men of good and weak will (the oppressed do not read books, nor do their oppressors), it would seem that Caute has an indoctrinating duty. This is not to say that he should write propaganda; he would thereby lose his audience and create bad art and worse truth. But it is the gripping terror of the word, the scene, the actors, their acts, standing as dramatic facts, that must convince, telling all. Fiction can convince: sociology and history do not seem to. Fiction can place one as participant and sufferer in this horror—the deliberate killing of nations of people. Tallies of facts do not involve the reader; they even lull, convincing us that this is the way things are. How many people these days have not tired of hearing about the 6 million—what has it to do with them?

And how are we to be convinced that out of the torture of Africans, out of their crucifixions, a new consciousness, a new moral center, should arise? Short of being tortured ourselves, the involvement fiction offers can do that magician's trick. To be sure, individual schizophrenia mirrors the multiple and contradictory splits of the world, but the burden of the infection is on the world, not on the individual. The cure lies in political involvement, not on an analyst's couch. Rage should mount, not be assuaged by the technique of calling it sickness.

This book has to be read; it is that exciting and important.



Body Testing the Slogans

SAY THAT WE SAW SPAIN DIE: Literary Consequences of the Spanish Civil War. By John M. Muste. University of Washington Press. 208 pp. \$5.95.

ALLEN GUTTMANN

Mr. Guttman, author of *The Wound in the Heart: America and the Spanish Civil War* (Free Press), teaches at Amherst College and is a public affairs editor for *The Massachusetts Review*.

From the siege of Troy to the present day, important historical events have had important literary consequences, but most of the poems and novels written in response to these events have been, like most other poems and novels, trivial. Critical assessments of the literary merit of works concerned with the Jacobite rebellion or the French Revolution or the Great Depression are, generally, a waste of time. Diligence discovers that semi-literate stanzas, dissected with the fine instruments of textual analysis, are inferior in value to *War and Peace*. Although historical events cannot be fully understood without a comprehension of their artistic consequences, the events themselves should not be a principle of organization for literary studies. Anyone who has felt, however remotely, the tragedy of the Spanish Civil War, is likely to respond with irritation and ennui to the subtitle of John Muste's book. Are we to learn again that Barker's poems are more intricate than Cornford's?

Annoyed prejudgments are premature. The book is limited, unsatisfactory, intensely moral in its concerns, but quite indispensable. Too sensitive to be satisfied with frisky comments on miscellaneous books with the same ostensible subject, Muste sets forth a thesis that demands attention. He sees the Spanish war as an empirical test of the Marxism that many American and more British writers

adopted in the 1930s when the political and economic collapse of liberal democratic society, and the rise of fascism in Europe, shattered whatever complacency had survived World War I.

Marxism, argues Muste, failed the test. "The writers who went to Spain found out that war and revolution are destructive, that even Marxists are often inefficient bureaucrats, and that history does not always move in expected directions. The pressure of the new knowledge was too much for most of these writers to withstand." Why? Because no ideology can justify the horrors of war. The writers whom Muste most admires are those who abandoned their faith in socialism or communism even as they earned their red badge of courage. Men shivered in pools of mud and excrement, scratched the lice that afflict every army, and discovered, as Hemingway's *Frederic Henry* had discovered in *A Farewell to Arms*, that all the slogans are lies.

For Alvah Bessie's post-Spanish Civil War novel in defense of communism, *The Un-Americans* (1957), Muste expresses contempt, but he exempts from scorn the "painstaking honesty" of Bessie's memoir of Spain, because he sees the book as an inadvertent rejection of ideology: "Whatever [Alvah] Bessie's later experience may have been, it does not change *Men in Battle*, which remains a book demonstrating vividly the way in which prolonged exposure to violence can turn idealism into ashes, and which shows that when no sacrifice will suffice, any slogan or dogma is irrelevant."

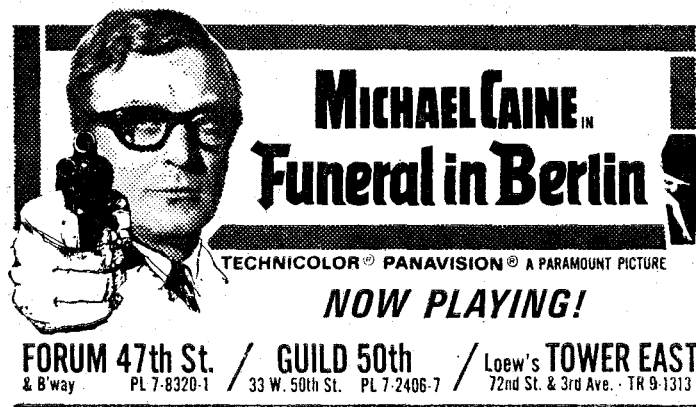
Similarly, Edwin Rolfe's fine poem about Madrid, "City of Anguish," is praiseworthy because "the dogma is far less memorable than the experience of destruction." Novels and autobiographies by Marxists—e.g., Upton Sinclair's *No Pasarán!*—are violently condemned as "dull," "flat," "foolish," "lifeless," "lu-

dicrous," "bombastic" and "melodramatic." Hemingway's propagandistic play, *The Fifth Column*, is properly denounced, but Muste writes that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* deserves extended analysis "because it demonstrates so clearly the dilemma of writers who continued to believe in the Loyalist cause, but who had seen and understood too much to be capable of . . . easy sophistries. . . ." The extended analysis is nearly devoid of comment on the structure and the techniques by which Hemingway articulated his vision of the Spanish war. The emphasis on Robert Jordan's overt politics misses the metaphorical affirmation of the Spanish earth and the peasants who tilled it.

George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* is, of course, the touchstone, the article of apolitical faith. In this book that finds skepticism the proper moral stance, Orwell is credited with "having seen, toward the end of his life, that modern societies tend toward regimentation whether their official ideology be Fascist, Socialist, Democratic or Communist. . . ." Muste himself is a less skillful Orwell. Perhaps a better formulation is to say that he, while not openly insistent upon pacifism, has clearly followed in the footsteps of his father, one of the founders of The Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Like most polemicists, Muste excludes as well as includes relevant data. He generally ignores popular literature which was not Marxist (and some that was), and he does next to nothing with the literature of the Right. Wyndham Lewis' *Revenge for Love* is a serious omission. Anne Fremantle's *By Grace of Love* is another. The single criterion by which he measures all men has other obvious disadvantages—a tendency to shrillness is one of them. A more serious problem derives from the social bias inherent in the selection. If Marxism appears inadequate, and in the writers discussed it does, the reason might well have more to do with the writers than with Marxism. No American or British writer of the first rank has ever been a committed Marxist, but French and German and Spanish writers have been. André Malraux's *L'Espoir*, the best novel of the Spanish war, is mentioned, but Muste does not really consider the possibility that Malraux and Pablo Neruda and Ludwig Renn succeeded where Stephen Spender and William Rollins failed, because the former were more, rather than less, committed to a Socialist analysis which was, itself, more applicable to Spanish than to American or British society. After all, Orwell went to Spain a Socialist and returned one, and Alvah Bessie, whom Muste praises for *Men in Battle*, was and is a Marxist.

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Because any appreciation of Marxism is likely these days to bring accusatory letters, I should add that I am not a Marxist. But I am sure that democratic socialism's model of historical analysis is more appropriate to the war than is Muste's implicit pacifism. To insist that war is horrible, and that ideological wars are the most horrible, is part of the truth, but all ideals are not morally equal, and all forms of social organization are not equally just. In an outrageously ignorant reference to the Weimar Republic, Muste seems to suggest that the Social Democrats were right not to take to the streets against Hitler, but I am not yet ready to think that the highest wisdom consists in the discovery that "politics (whatever ideals are being served) is an activity that in-

volves intrigue, betrayal, and the multitude of confusions and compromises which are involved in making it the 'art of the possible.'" The Spanish Republic was less democratic than many of its supporters admitted, but the Republic was, as Orwell insisted, better than the Movimiento Nacional of the insurgent generals. Embarrassed as I am to praise heroism in the safety of my study, I still believe that the difference was worth the blood of men brave enough to die in mud, in rubble, in excrement, in defense of their Republic. The hopeless disillusion that Muste takes to be the most significant literary consequence of any war is, in large part, his own generous, understandable dismay at what is probably the inevitable cost of a somewhat better world.

this passage from the seventh book before starting on the first—still one can also use it to recall the Wordsworthian child who is "father of the man." A breath of wind, a smell, a patch of sunlight on the carpet, a few bars of music may suddenly activate some memory from childhood; and then we appear to be invaded by something incredibly fresh and a lot nearer to the universe than we are.

Of course, a child has to grow up, to be (as it were) reborn in adolescence, and so on: but such memories ought to tell us how difficult and delicate the task of growing up is, how little it ought to be tampered with, and how much it needs to be understood. Readers of Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* need not be reminded of Dr. Arnold's prayer that his "sense of moral evil" might never leave him, and how there were moments when "he began to doubt whether some far more radical reforms than any he had attempted might not be necessary before the multitude of children under his charge—shouting and gamboling, and yet plunged all the while deep in moral evil—could ever be transformed into a set of Christian gentlemen." Strachey intended this sentence to be wildly funny, and so it is; but it shows that Strachey's Arnold (who may not have been the real one) was afflicted with the antinomian delusion—common in his time and not too rare in ours—that there was no moral law for childhood qua childhood, because the child was nothing more than an inferior adult.

It is, in short, always necessary to know what childhood is and not to worry too much about what it ought to be; and this is the paramount necessity to which Frances Wickes addresses her book. She tells us what it is like to be a child; she does not lay down—she carefully refrains from laying down—any rules for child guidance. Her own psychological guidelines (she is a well-known analyst) are explicitly Jungian. The reader will be asked to accept the collective unconscious and the archetypal image as working concepts; also the two "types" of extraversion and introversion; also the four "functions" of thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition. He must expect to be confronted with the numinous and the mysterious—with what used to be loosely described as Jungian mysticism—and he will be asked to distinguish between the "great dream," which belongs to the small dreamer and must not be touched, and the dream which speaks, however ambiguously, to a conflict that requires attention. As a layman, I find the Jungian system persuasive insofar as I understand it; but there are those who do not think so at all: and

The Gift of Grace

THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD: A Study in Analytical Psychology. By Frances G. Wickes. Introduction by Carl G. Jung. Appleton-Century. 342 pp. \$6.95.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

Mr. Dangerfield is the author, most recently, of *The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828* (Harper and Row). His other books include *Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York* and *The Era of Good Feelings* (both Harcourt, Brace).

A new edition of Frances G. Wickes's masterpiece, *The Inner World of Childhood*, first published in 1927, is a welcome and timely event. The fact that most if not all the children whom Mrs. Wickes examines here, with such rare and delectable wisdom, were children from comfortable middle-class 1920 homes, children who went to private schools, and who had the good luck to find in the author an expert who could spend long hours unraveling their difficulties, does not diminish—it merely intensifies—one's belief that the inner world of childhood is something which all children inhabit. You cannot, indeed you dare not, say that there is one inner world for children of one class or color, and another inner world for children of another.

In other words, what Frances Wickes has posited, it seems to me, is a constant psychology for children, one that is always and everywhere governed, as to its well-being, by "a sense of security in the fundamental relationships of life," and always and everywhere ravaged if this sense of security is absent. I stress "fundamental" here, because it seems to be

antithetical to "contemporary," in the sense that every child is born with certain rights which, in the course of growing up, he must adjust to the transient and possibly treacherous world in which he finds himself.

I recently gave a talk on Anthony Trollope, a novelist whom I admire; and in the course of giving this talk, it rather forcibly occurred to me that if we were able to meet those mid-Victorian men and women we should certainly think them all faintly mad: and vice versa. Between them and us there would lie such a complicated web of changed and changing social, political, economic and moral relations as to make rational discourse very nearly impossible. With a mid-Victorian child, on the other hand, we might be able to establish a reasonable dialogue, because he would probably not think us much stranger than any other casual acquaintance from his own milieu. Childhood is relatively timeless, insofar as it is a little closer to biological time than we adults are; and, conversely, because it is not yet adjusted to the frantic speed of historical time. Thus a child can be called "the father of the man" for three different reasons: because he is not yet modern; because what happens to him may powerfully affect his whole later life; and because (this was presumably Wordsworth's meaning in his great "Ode") he has a certain acute perceptiveness which is lost to us and which we can only recall through memory. In the last book of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* there is a beautiful passage about the interplay between sensation and memory; and while Proust used this to explicate once and for all his theory of art—so much so that a beginner ought to read

to them I would recommend the words of Dr. Henry N. Murray (no Jungian, I believe) who, in an introduction to Mrs. Wickes's *The Inner World of Choice* (1963) wrote: "She was in such close contact with the multifarious trends and turns of a child's fabulous imaginations that the discernment of their meanings seemed to come to her as a gift of grace."

This gift of grace, working with a humane, penetrating, loving, unsentimental intelligence, distinguishes *The Inner World of Childhood*, for me, from any other book on the subject that I have read: but here there is only space to mention one way in which it seems to talk directly to one of our great dilemmas. Obviously, the first and most fundamental relationship of a child is with his parents: this is so obvious that it was once a truism; but it is a truism no longer. Frances Wickes is careful to point out that you cannot psychoanalyze a disturbed child; you can only use his dreams and fantasies (when he becomes confident enough to disclose them) as a means of talking things out with him. Usually, as she points out in case after case, the child's disorientations can be traced to the unconscience of the parents or of one parent. Parents in any walk of life are bound to have psychological difficulties, often appalling ones: but it is by now a well-established fact that the lower the economic and social condition, the more mental disturbance there is in the adult world. Thus the child in one of our ghettos, where the parents are degraded and distorted by a society which denies them any means of escape, must be a very rare child if he is not degraded and distorted too.

When I finished reading *The Inner World of Childhood*, I began to think of those living graveyards in our great cities, and of those children who are condemned to be Gray's "mute inglorious Miltons" in the radical sense that they are denied the chance to express themselves naturally, because their families are broken, their schools insufficient, their neighborhoods filled with dereliction and abomination, and the law itself their enemy. Even the most generous mental-health facilities for parents could not really help until these conditions are radically changed. And it seemed to me that it was time to junk such vulgar solecisms as "The Great Society," and to begin to think about the Good one. Demanding for all children "a sense of security in the fundamental relationships of life," *The Inner World of Childhood* seems to me, not only a profoundly wise and creative book in its revelations and interpretations of childhood but also a revolutionary one. I do not presume to suggest that this was the author's intention. But there it is.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

It would be easy to list the faults of Cecil Dawkins' *The Displaced Person* (American Place Theatre, 423 West 46 Street). Since it is an adaptation of three Flannery O'Connor stories, and with a trace of a fourth, the play lacks dramatic propulsion. Though the interweaving of the various threads is ably done, the tempo of progression is too even: there is insufficient differentiation of accent.

While not without humor, the general grimness of the stories produces the effect of "exaggeration" resembling certain types of Russian naturalism. . . .

I shall not continue in this vein because, despite these and other shortcomings, I found myself more interested in Mr. Dawkins' play than in most of the other serious offerings of the season. (This is journalistic double talk, since the only other play of the season of which I might say the same is *A Delicate Balance*.) I was interested, which is more to the point than saying that I liked it.

As I left the theatre I questioned myself as to the source of my interest, for had I not also been worried by a certain flatness in the proceedings? What absorbed me throughout was a confrontation with life, unfamiliar, strange (the play takes place in south Georgia), yet nonetheless significant beyond the details of its environment. It may sound a little "innocent" to say that a play conveys the look and feel of life, since all plays present some aspect of life; and what in this context does one mean by "life"?

In recent years respected plays have tended more and more toward abstraction. Realism had become boring. It had deteriorated into "journalism": it did not say enough, merely presented facts, and facts by themselves are dumb. They put out one's eyes. We demand insight and personal statement. We seek a view of life, something which suggests an essence, a core of meaning even if this leads, as so often of late, to a conclusion of meaninglessness. The new drama, we are convinced, brings us closer to the truth. It recalls the great classic tradition.

The reason for this reversion to the older style is due not only to the increasing triviality of the naturalistic theatre—with its appeal to a prosperous middle-class sodden with property and creature comforts—but to our mounting awareness of crisis. We are on the verge of Armageddon and await an apocalypse. Anything less basic (at least in art) strikes us as deceptive. Literature committed to the study of life as we find it and live it seems paltry, wide of the mark.

Still we are in and of this world, and though we may diagnose our condition as chronically wretched, there is something weak and flabby about our constant attempts to achieve the summits of ultimate knowledge. This groping for divinity bespeaks impotence rather than courage.

There is a brilliantly humorous scene in *The Displaced Person*—straight out of Flannery O'Connor's story "The Enduring Chill"—in which an obtuse country

CROWNS AND GARLANDS

Make a garland of Leontynes and Lenas
And hang it about your neck

Like a lei.

Make a crown of Sammys, Sidneys, Harrys,
Plus Cassius Mohammed Ali Clay.

Put their laurels on your brow

Today—

Then before you can walk
To the neighborhood corner,
Watch them droop, wilt, fade

Away.

Though worn in glory on my head,
They do not last a day—

Not one—

Nor take the place of meat or bread
Or rent that I must pay.

Great names for crowns and garlands!

Yeah!

I love Ralph Bunche—
But I can't eat him for lunch.

LANGSTON HUGHES

priest is invited to advise and console a sickly youth who wants to speak to an understanding person about his despair. The suffering boy tries to get to the heart of the things that distress him, but the priest simply counters with the injunction that he learn his catechism. Maddened by the priest's obliviousness, the boy shouts "I'm dying," to which the priest retorts sharply, "But you're not dead yet!"

The boy is ill and despondent because he hates the world into which he was born (the most backward South) and hasn't the talent to create something with and through it. The priest is a dolt. Yet he speaks true. We are like the ailing boy. We are all dying but since we aren't dead yet we ought to look about us and see things by our own lights, and not wholly in the light of eternity.

Each of the episodes in *The Displaced Person* contains, in what on the surface appears to be an impassive naturalism, a larger truth. The play's lack of "lyricism" is in fact a kind of classic severity. The abject submissiveness of the Negro farm hands is seen as both ignorant shiftlessness and an evasion of the white man's blind cruelty, a retreat into a realm the oppressor cannot enter, a profound contempt, comic and obdurate. It is an impasse in which both black and white are rendered stupid to the point of savagery.

The poor white's isolation in self-protective prejudice abetted by an empty religiosity is the alleviation of his cramped estate which becomes murderous. The crippled girl whose intellectual training has turned her to nothing better than a futile nihilism because she is deprived of any warm human contact, her momentary relief in tenderness when she is able to acknowledge the brute fact of her deformity and have it accepted through a gesture of love, the general insecurity of all concerned who destroy the "displaced person"—a Polish farm hand brought into the community by the priesthood more out of guile than from compassion—all these are depicted without adornment or apology, one might even say "coldly," and yet with an understanding which extends beyond their bare recital. Flannery O'Connor was a greatly gifted artist and Cecil Dawkins has done honorable service in bringing the O'Connor material directly to the stage.

I cannot make any assured statement about the production, partly because the problem of communicating the quality of the play, an amalgam of moods and methods, is an extremely difficult one requiring much more rehearsal time than our theatre economy permits. The balance between the need to maintain the tone of dispassionate statement and the no less necessary demand to convey the

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living nerve, which is the creative root of the play, may not have been absolutely struck. It is clear, however, that the director, Edward Parone, understood the challenge. He is to be commended for having chosen a good cast—Frances Sternhagen, David Clarke, Bette Henritze, Dixie Marquis, Robert Earl Jones, Woodie King, James Hall, to name only those who play the main roles. He has directed them so that the play as a whole remains coherent and well defined. Kert Lundell, here as in *Hogan's Goat*, proves himself remarkably adept at giving the peculiar spatial accommodations of the former St. Clement's Church, the seat of the American Place Theatre, a semblance of stage reality.

Frank Gagliano, whose one-act play *Conerico Was Here To Stay* was presented by Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder and Edward Albee at the Cherry Lane Theatre in 1965, is one of the more promising of our younger dramatists. Gagliano's central preoccupation appears to be the indifference and irresponsibility in the face of evil as it manifests itself among us today.

The same producers at the same theatre now offer Gagliano's *Night of the Dunces*. One cannot tell in this instance whether Gagliano is fulfilling his promise because *Night of the Dunces*, though repeatedly revised, was written five years ago. The plot deals with a gang of youngsters ("Dunces") whose aim is destruction for its own hellish sake. The difference between this and the previously presented play is that in *Night of the Dunces* a group of citizens led by a widowed librarian, whose ill-attended establishment located in an apparently desolate area of the city the Dunces plan to wreck, fight to protect it. This makes the library something of a symbol. One is reminded of certain plays of the thirties except that Gagliano's emphasis is less "social" and rather more "Kafkaesque."

PERSONALS

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Despite overtones of contemporary terror, the play remains a naive melodrama. As such it is not without effective moments. It is well acted by Terry Kiser, Salem Ludwig, Anne Revere and all the others; it is ably directed by Joseph Hardy and, with limited means, admirably designed by William Ritman.

Seeing *Night of the Dunces* and then *The Displaced Person* brought to my attention once more how many talented people of no particular "fame" our theatre could use to immense advantage if it were not so disastrously hobbled. As for Gagliano himself, I look forward to his further work, now that he is advancing in experience and has been awarded a Rockefeller grant.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Horrification is a delicate theatrical operation; overcook it ever so little and it curdles into slapstick. That is the accident that occurred to *Night Games*, Mai Zetterling's study of impotence caused by injudicious mother love.

The picture runs on two time tracks. In the present, a perplexed young man brings his sweetheart home to his family's country estate, to test whether on this ground he can exorcise the childhood experiences that prevent him from consummating their love. These, we learn from a portfolio of flashbacks that constitute the second track, stemmed from the circumstances that his mother chose to surround herself with exceedingly bizarre companions and that she was driven by a sexual urgency that directed itself even to her son. The boy watches as his mother gives birth, surrounded by a group of revelers who look like a provincial road company specializing in witches' sabbaths. He wanders through scenes of drunkenness and *outré* lechery. He crawls under his mother's diaphanous hoop skirt while she is embracing her current favorite. In the scene which is, presumably, causing all the fevered whispering, she deliberately arouses the boy and then, in guilt, turns her scorn on him. When word arrives of her death by motor accident, the boy takes to his mother's bed, where he is joined by a wench and an obese homosexual, both intent on his inheritance. The boy's only ally in this erotic circus is a dotty old aunt, adept at cutting paper dolls and painting caricatures on eggs (which the boy derives some satisfaction from smashing). She also acts as chorus, observing that the atmosphere of the house is unsuitable for an impressionable child.

When the engaged couple returns to this scene of fancy-dress corruption, the house seems deserted; but, as if on cue, the old troupe reappears and resumes its perverse entertainments (blue home movies are introduced). Thus harassed by memory and once more in his mother's bed, the young man finds himself still incapable, and begins to fling himself about like Hamlet in love. But the girl is no Ophelia; at her sensible urging, he orders the parasites to break camp and, to make sure that they do, brings in a crew of dynamiters who blow the house into flaming rubble. This works like an Oriental potion: as the credits come across the screen, the couple is cavorting in a snowy field with every prospect of happy union.

The trouble with all this is its simple, humorless excess. Like many Scandinavians today, Miss Zetterling is awe-struck by sex. She is here so intent on enlisting our indignation at its misuse that she shovels Krafft-Ebing with a pitchfork. Thus, instead of provoking gasps of horror, her stagy tableaux and italicized symbols induce ironic laughter. It doesn't take that much machinery to produce a sexual neurotic.

The proposition, widely touted, that the French-Italian *Galia* is a naughty and delicious comedy will not stand the test of seeing the picture. It opens to scenes of rolling surf—always an ominous sign in "art" films—and it is wanly dispirited throughout. It is only factually sexy (there is no zest to it) and the melodramatic triangle plot—vulgar Lothario, wronged wife, pert young fixer who gets herself hooked—is as mechanized as a switching yard. It is one of those plots so crowded with incident and so empty of content that you crack your knuckles to have it done with.

As for Mireille Darc, the "discovery," she is a twiggy girl with large breasts, many freckles, heavy lips and quite expressionless eyes. She wears pants and sweaters to advantage and moves like a boy—assets that are ruthlessly exploited. She might do very well as wry spice to a film, but she cannot carry the show on her two moods of bachelor-girl competence and bruised infatuation. The assumption of the film is that she has slept with half the men who hang out at the Select, which suggests a taste among the habitués of that movie set for immature companionship.

This, by the way, is the third picture in a row to offer me the hitherto forbidden (except in Scandinavia) sight of the naked female torso. It is undeniably pleasant, but I hope the impulse to semi-disclosure will not degenerate into an anatomical cliché.

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